

JULY 16, 1881

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 607.—Vol. XXIV.

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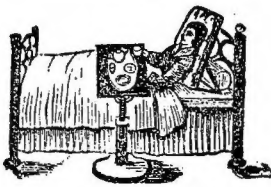
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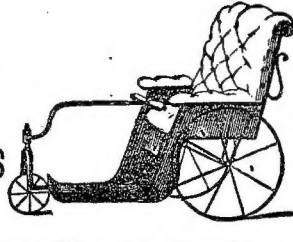
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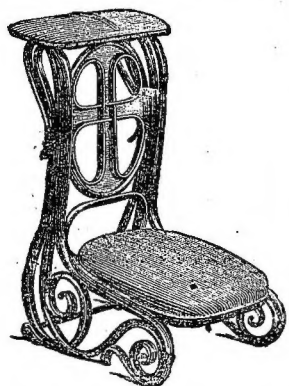
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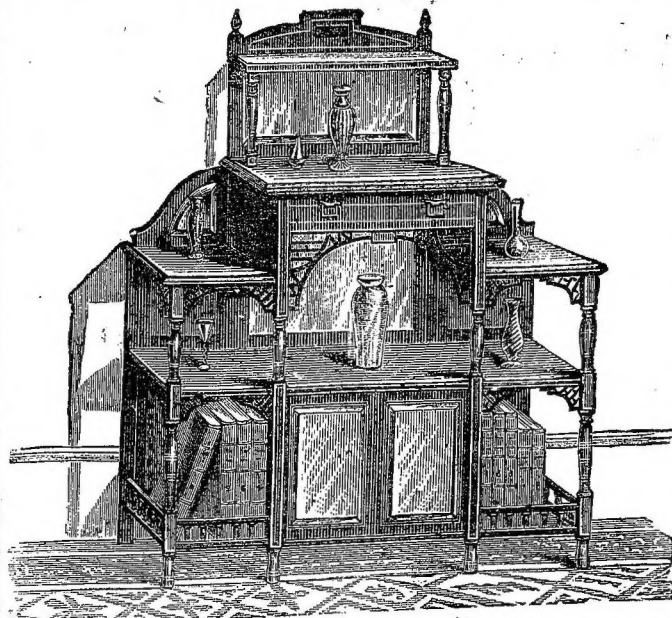
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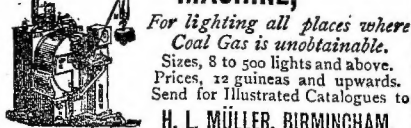
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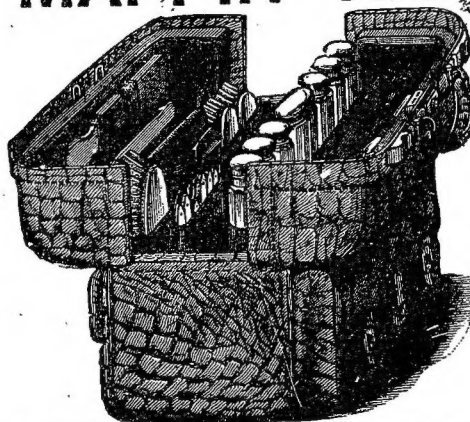
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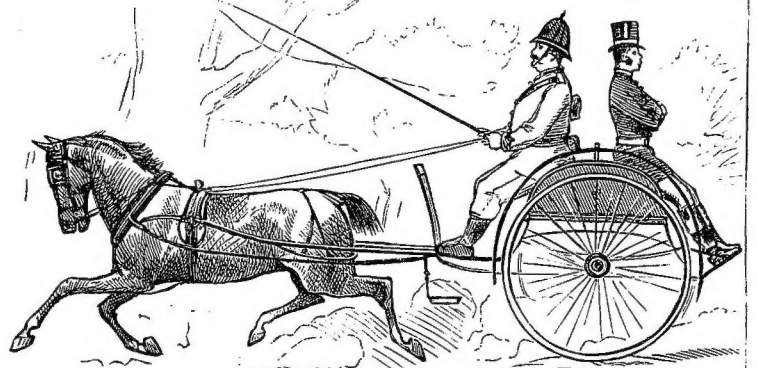
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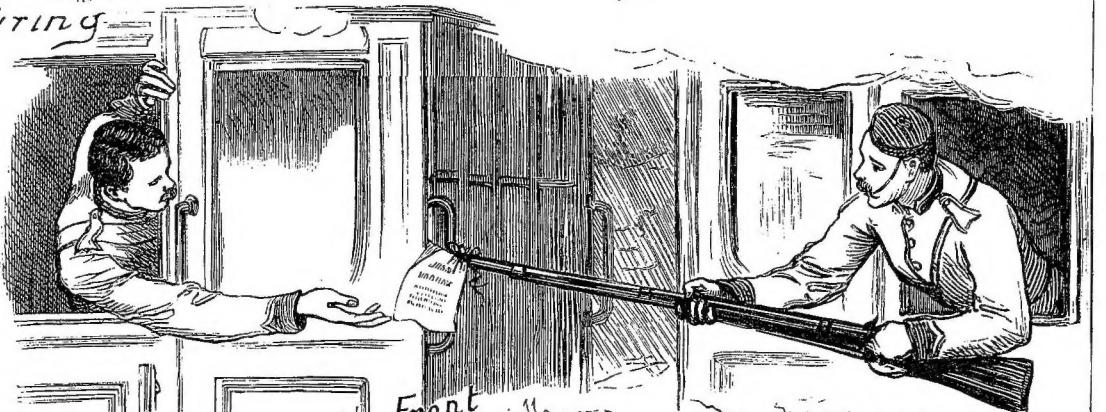
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THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW—ON THE ROAD TO WINDSOR

BY E. C. GRENVILLE-MURRAY

I.

"They ought to put a lantern there," I answered mechanically.

I listened to the confession with a tumult of feeling that may be

II.

"Dead," I answered, mechanically. "Good night; and thank you," and I drove on. "Good God, all my nerves are shaken, and I must have been asleep," I reflected, and this idea was borne out by the fact that my horse had shown no signs of fear at the apparition, so that it was evident he had not seen it. Yet *I* had seen it; whether waking or in a dream, I had seen Captain Torreston; and this less than ten minutes after I had left the Hall, being then wide awake, and feeling no sleepiness. I reached home, shivering with cold and terror.

All the inmates of my cottage were in bed, but my wife's aunt had arrived, and I saw some boxes in the hall, ready packed for departure. Stealing softly up to my wife's room, I found her awake, for my coming in had roused her from her light sleep. "Is it all over, Johnnie, dear?" she asked, gazing at me wistfully. "How could you look?"

"Yes, darling, it is all over," I faltered, "but, see here what Mr. Woolf has given me," and I put all my money into her hands. "A thousand pounds!" she exclaimed, in a wondering voice, when she had counted the notes.

"Yes, a thousand. After all, you know, a first-rate London surgeon would have charged half that for coming down to Turrick, and giving three days' attendance, and Mr. Woolf is a rich man, who could afford to double the fee." I had at first intended to show my wife only 500*l.* of the money, but I loathed the thought of having to lie to her for the remainder. She looked so pleased, and bent forward to kiss me with an expression full of trust and gladness.

"Well, I am sure, my darling, you have deserved the money," she said. "Think how you have slaved, and lost your rest for numbers of poor people who could never pay you. But God is very good to us after all."

This was more than I could bear. I took her hand, and, bending over it, sobbed like a child. She stroked my head, and called to me in her gentle voice not to grieve, for that our days of struggling were evidently ended now. She would get well, and I must come with her to France to take a holiday, for that I needed a change of air as much as she did, and I should be stronger then to work, and would no doubt have a better practice when I returned, for Mr. Woolf's kindness would not forsake me. All this, and much more, my wife said, showing such a pride and loving confidence in me that my heart was wrung. I swear that, if it had not been for my dread of injuring her in her critical state of health, I would have told her everything. I dared not destroy the illusion which gave her so much joy, and which had brought something like a flush of returning health to her dear face.

"Mary, my darling, you will take hope now, won't you?" I said, as soon as I could speak. "Promise me that you will feel confidence in your cure when you start. Think, I will join you in a few days, as soon as the Captain's funeral is over."

"Oh, if you come to me, Johnnie, I shall be sure to get well. You won't delay coming?"

"No—no. I am anxious to get away. I hate this place which has made you ill. We will settle altogether in France if the climate should suit you. I will try and make a practice there."

"How nice that will be," she said; "but I shall always think with pleasure of Hilbrook. Oh, how I wish you could come with me to-morrow. The journey would seem so much shorter. Couldn't I wait for a few days?"

"No, my darling; you must start at once," I said. "But your journey must be made very easy and pleasant. You can all travel in first-class now, and go by short stages, and rest at night in good hotels."

"We mustn't be extravagant though, Johnnie," said my wife with a smile. "This is a wonderful windfall, it may be a long time before we get such another. I wish, though, it had come through your having saved somebody's life. It is so dreadful to think that poor Captain Torreston is dead after having brought us this good luck."

The next day my wife went away with her aunt and the children, and when I had seen her off I rode out to see some patients whom I had been obliged to neglect during the last three days. Those of them who belonged to the Club were crusty at my conduct, and this reminded me that I must resign my situation as Club Surgeon at once if I wished to be free to leave the country. I accordingly wrote to the Club Committee as soon as I got home. I was just closing my letter when a phaeton drew up at my door, and Mr. Woolf stepped out. He was dressed in deep mourning, and had come to tell me that Captain Torreston's funeral would not take place at Turrick, as the deceased's friends had requested that his body might be sent to the South of England, where they resided. "This will make it all the better for us," said Mr. Woolf in a low tranquil voice, when we were alone. "I am going to have the body put into three coffins, one of lead tightly soldered, and they are not likely to open him."

An involuntary shudder crept over me as I talked to this man. I had been thinking all day with trouble of the apparition I had seen the day before, and his quick eye doubtless discerned some constraint in my manner. I thought it right to tell him that I had come to the resolution of leaving the country, and I gave him as my reason my wife's ill-health. "Is that the only cause?" he asked, in a suspicious whisper. "Do you feel frightened, Doctor?"

"No: my only reason is the one I have stated." "It may create suspicion if you go," he said, musingly. "You ought not to depart suddenly. I met Dr. Comax as I was coming along, and he looked very blue at me, for of course everybody has heard that I summoned you instead of him. Indeed, I intended to recommend you to all my friends."

"You are very good," I answered; "but everybody will understand that I have gone to join my wife. Indeed, to tell you the truth, the money you gave me came at a moment when I was in the sorest distress from not being able to send away my wife for a change of air."

"You seem to be very fond of your wife," said Mr. Woolf, eyeing me narrowly. "I hope you have not told her anything of our secret?"

"No, nor shall I," I answered. "Because," added he uneasily, "a secret like that when it passes into a third person's ear is as good as blown to the four winds."

"You may quite rely on me," I replied, looking openly at him. "But you ought to feel additionally reassured by my going hundreds of miles from England."

"Your word and your own interest reassures me most," he answered. "I should feel myself in a bad way if I had not them to depend upon." After this he went away, but I could see that he was dejected and mistrustful. He had been in good spirits when he entered the cottage.

Two days afterwards I heard that Mr. Woolf had gone south with his friend's body, and a few days later I read his name in the papers as having attended the funeral, which passed off without any incident. Then a week went by, and I made my preparations for selling all of my property that was not portable. But during that time the thought of the apparition preyed continually on my mind. I could not dismiss it, and at last I resolved that I would take another night drive by the sand-pit road. To a surgeon the possession of calm nerves is a necessity, and I felt that I should not for a long time have any composure unless I did my best to ascertain whether I had, or had not, been the victim of a morbid fancy. To be sure I might pass by the road a hundred times more without seeing anything there again. But it was just possible, also, that something might occur to clear up my doubts. Accordingly I set out on the night previous to the day fixed for my leaving England.

I had done little work that day, and had slept well the night before; so that my nerves, at no time very weak, were quite composed. For two hours before my groom-boy brought the gig round I read an entertaining book; and just before starting swallowed a glass of beer—the best thing to keep the cold out; and to prevent my experiencing any depression from the change of temperature out of doors, I took care to wrap myself up warmly. It was a beautifully clear, frosty night, with a full moon up—

just the night for a drive: but I cannot say that I started with anything like enjoyment of mind. My expedition was a dismal one at best, and I was wofully afraid of the mental distress that would continue to haunt me if I should behold the apparition. However, I drove on briskly, and on reaching the turn in the road where the apparition had left me I drew in and thumped my chest, whistled, and stamped my feet to assure myself that I was awake. From this point to that where the road diverged towards the sand-pit was about half a mile, and the space was that where Captain Torreston had met his death by being dragged over flint stones, as was commonly supposed. That part of the road had recently been mended.

To make still sure that I was awake I lit a cigar, and drove on at a leisurely pace. I was at about a hundred yards from the road-bend, when all at once the brilliant light appeared, and the horseman in it motionless as when I had first seen him.

The sight almost sickened me with horror; and I pulled up my horse with a jerk. The phantom rider made a sign with his hand, moved towards me noiselessly as before, and was within a stride of my horse's head when he stopped and quickly turned his head. I could hear the rapid trot of a horse from the opposite end of the road, and it seemed as if he had heard it too. In a minute another rider appeared, and I heard an unearthly shriek, followed by a furious scampering. The two riders seemed to be fighting. I drove forward, and beheld Mr. Woolf brandishing his whip over the head of the phantom rider, and trying to evade his pursuit. They closed, the ghostly horseman got his hand on Mr. Woolf's rein, and both together, galloping and struggling, they plunged up the road to the sand-pit. I heard a yell, a crash of falling sand, then all was dark and silent again; and I drove home persuaded I had seen a supernatural vision of two riders, both phantoms, sent to warn me that I had been accessory to a foul murder. I thought then that Mr. Woolf was still in London.

The next morning, as I was leaving Hilbrook, the ostler from the Chequers, who had come to fetch my luggage, said, "Have you heard the bad news, sir? Squire Woolf is dead! His horse bolted with him last night in the Turrick Road, and they both fell into the sand pit."

When Dr. Furgars had finished his story, he said, "No harm ever came to me from my share in that awful affair. My wife recovered her health at Mentone; and we then came to London, where an opportunity for getting a practice offered itself—I have prospered uniformly ever since."

"And you really saw a ghost?" I asked. "I saw what I have described," he answered; "but I do not profess to explain it."



SUMMER holiday novels are becoming a regular feature of this time of year. Mr. Black's adventurous Phaeton set a fashion which has been, on the whole, pleasantly followed, and by no means the least pleasantly by A. C. Hertford in "Among the Heather" (2 vols.: Tinsley Bros.). The scene is laid in Ross-shire, where a group of characters use sport and scenery as an important background for the inevitable duties of flirtation and misunderstanding. In olden times, the course of true love used to be roughened by parental opposition: it now derives its piquancy from misunderstandings for which the proper and natural place is the nursery. Apart from this too common, because too easy, makeshift for a plot, "Among the Heather" deserves recommendation to all readers who want particularly easy and unexciting reading for some idle hours in an idle season. The story, such as it is, is wholesome and simple, written in a natural, straightforward, and unaffected style, and has the brightness and freshness of flavour proper to its suggestive title. Some of the subordinate characters are amusing, though never very new, as, for example, Aunt Betsy, with her pug dog, ill nature, and incapacity for calling people by their right names. The novel, if never aiming at or reaching a high level, has no faults worth mentioning. Its sketches are not likely to dwell on the memory, but they are good to glance over.

Miss Worboise's "The Heirs of Errington" (1 vol.: James Clarke and Co.), is a singularly complicated family history. The heirs with whom it deals are no fewer than four. Two are girls, one a young man, and one a child. The child dies, partly of convulsions, and partly from the effect, we are led to suppose, of a curse, one girl elopes and dies, and the survivors settle their doubtful claims by the expedient of marriage. Upon none of these matters is conferred the slightest amount of personal interest. "The Heirs of Errington" is flavoured far too much with that very worst of all possible elements in a novel—that of theological bitterness. Ignorance and narrowness are the almost unfailing notes of the Protestant and of the Roman Catholic romance in equal measure: indeed of nearly every so-called "religious" novel. This novel is of course anti-Romanist—that is to say, against some system which Miss Worboise believes to be Romanism. This altogether unpleasant and unprofitable order of fiction is seldom, if ever, distinguished by compensating literary merits, nor is this example of it an exception to the rule. It is verbose and tedious to a remarkable degree: the incidents are inconsequent, and might have been made with equal effect to have taken any other turn. Of course the intentions of partisan theological novelists are necessarily admirable, and seldom fail to acquire more popularity than they commonly deserve from a mere literary point of view. "The Heirs of Errington" is at least harmless. It will be acceptable to many on its own side, and offend only the exceptionally irritable on the other.

Cecil Clarke, in "Elsie Grey: A Tale of Truth" (1 vol.: Griffith and Farran), shows an intimate acquaintance with some of the old by-ways of the City, and must have made a very close study of some original of his Barbary Court. But one study of this kind, unless in extraordinarily skilful hands, is insufficient for the construction of a long novel—for Mr. Clarke's single volume is an unusually large one. His characters are little better than lay figures to hang Barbary Court upon, whose crushing-out "under the wheels of the great Juggernaut which has for its motto change and would-be progress in all things" he laments with not unnatural indignation. But, even with him, Barbary Court does not amount to the world. It is clear that he has been in Dresden, whither he carries his heroine, and has been so much struck with the phrases of German waiters and other German peculiarities that he has felt called upon to describe all over again what everybody knows by heart, either from personal knowledge or from scores of abler descriptions. He makes us imagine, wrongly enough no doubt, that he thinks himself, not only the champion of Barbary Court, but the discoverer of Dresden. Not much remains to be said of a story that is fairly well written, but is certainly without inherent interest or any sort of novelty. Barbary Court is a faithful local study: Dresden, the result of observing everything that everybody has observed, and of reproducing them without any of the needful power of making us see things with fresh eyes. So many novels exist in which this has been done well, that there is no reason for the existence of one that does it barrenly and weakly. Harmlessness and good intentions are the highest qualities of "Elsie Grey."



A PEACEFUL SIGN OF THE TIMES is manifested by the fact that Herr Krupp's great steel works at Essen are so busy just now that 4,000 additional men have been engaged, thus bringing the total of hands up to 13,000. The various European Powers want all their orders executed at once.

AN "OFFICIAL BEGGAR" has been established in the Hungarian village of Szent-Marton, in order to keep off vagrants and gipsies. Father Gyurko, however, did not find his appointment very lucrative, and threatened to resign unless he was further presented with the office of district postman, and he now discharges his double duties with great zeal.

THE CONSUMPTION OF BRANDY in the Duchy of Baden has caused such a rapid increase of drunkenness that the Grand Duke is determined to put down alcoholism as much as possible. All managers of clubs have been ordered to discourage brandy drinking, spirit-licences in the various villages are very sparingly accorded, and any one selling brandy without authorisation is liable to six weeks' imprisonment.

SHELLS OF A PECULIAR KIND, in which the convolutions are from left to right, are regarded by the Hindoos as talismans, ensuring their possessor perpetual prosperity. One of these shells was recently sold in Calcutta for 7*l.*, the owner having mortgaged it and subsequently got into difficulties, owing to having parted with his fetich, according to Hindoo belief. Larger shells, possessing the same virtues, have been sold for over 800*l.*

ITALIAN M.P.'s are sometimes reduced to curious shifts to keep up appearances. One Piedmont Deputy was recently so poor that he could not afford a lodging, but, like some negro Deputies in the Southern States of America, spent his night on the railroad, where members are entitled to free passes. Every night he got into a comfortable carriage and travelled from Rome to Florence, returning by an early train in time for his Parliamentary duties.

THE YOUNG QUEEN OF SPAIN is highly popular in Madrid, the *American Register* tells us, and is most active on behalf of art, literature, and charity. She has put aside much of the painful Spanish etiquette, and constantly visits the institutions of the capital, thus earning the title of the "kind fairy." She is an accomplished artist, and on recently going into an art school, where she noticed one of the pupils' work was faulty, sat down by her side and herself made the necessary corrections.

A VALUABLE INNOVATION in the event of fire or panic is announced for a new theatre shortly to be built in New York. The auditorium will be seated with "invisible chairs," so constructed that on the occupants touching a spring the framework will collapse, and become part of the floor. Thus every one will be able to move unimpeded to the doors, and the egress of the audience will be rapid and simple. There is one danger, however, as the *Christian Union* points out. Suppose a practical joker touched the spring of his neighbour's seat at some exciting moment?

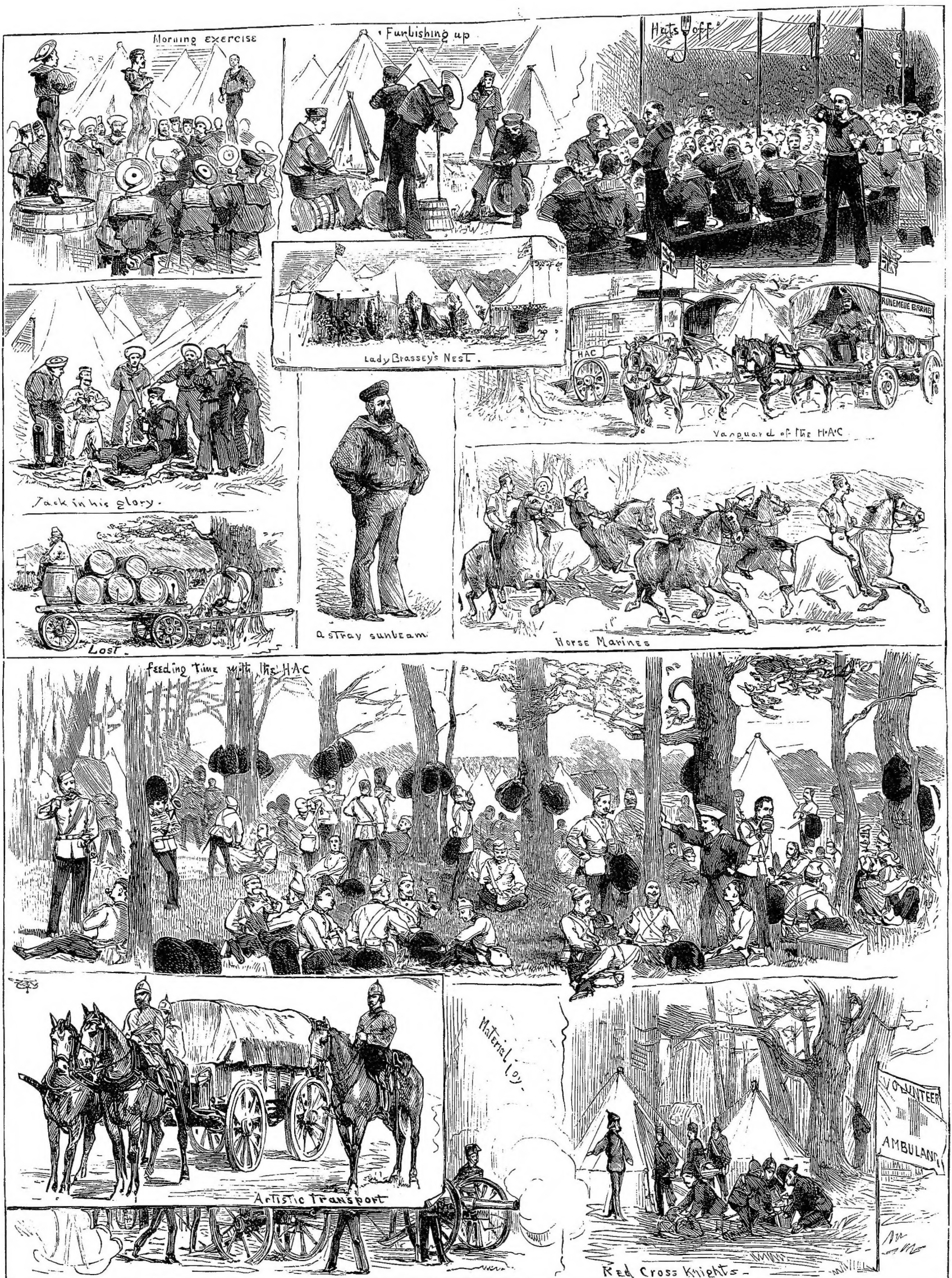
BRITISH HUSBANDS, when their dinner parties turn out failures, are apt to grumble roundly at their wives for the cook's misdeeds, but they abstain from the practical style of rebuking practised by the Celestials. Recently, the Chinese professor at Harvard College, U.S., gave a national banquet to his fellow professors, and was much put out because the cookery was not to his taste. After a time he got up, bowed solemnly, said "Go lick-ee wife," and departed, returning presently, smiling and bland as usual, after having administered judicious chastisement to his better half.

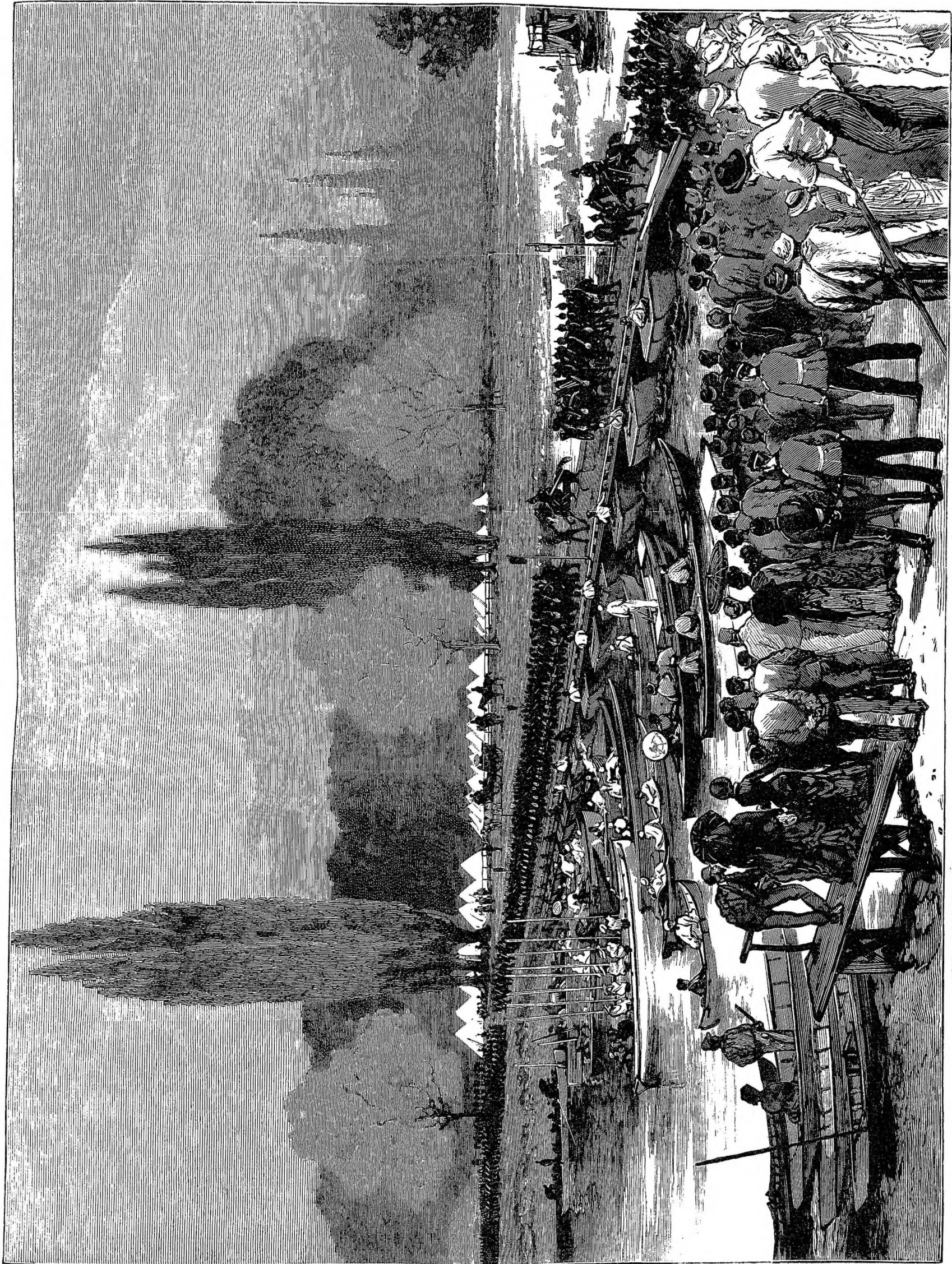
THE SOCIALISTIC SPIRIT OF THE PRESENT DAY is tolerably active in Japan, where, the *Japan Weekly Mail* tells us, the native Communists have lately posted placards on the walls of Tokio, announcing that no incendiary fires would take place for some time to come, owing to the "inclemency" of the season,—i.e., the weather was calm, and unfavourable to the spread of huge conflagrations. Taking further hints from European countries, these vindictive natives are sending threatening letters to the various officials, couched in the most impudent language.

A HISTORICAL RUBY, whose career can be traced for 300 years, has lately been brought to Calcutta. It is very large, of a beautiful colour, and is engraved with four inscriptions. The gem first belonged to the Emperor Akbar, and from him was transferred to the Ranas of Oodeypore, one of whom gave it to Shah Jehan. Subsequently it was taken by Nadir Shah, forming, like the Kohinoor, part of the sack of Delhi, and then was captured by the Afghans, from whom it was bought by a Kandahari shawl merchant, and brought back to Delhi, where it has remained in a noble native family until now. The ruby has been perforated to allow of its being strung in the front of a dress with other jewels, and resembles a date in shape, being about two inches long by an inch and a quarter broad, and rather over half-an-inch thick in its thickest part.

INCREASING CIVILISATION IN JAPAN has not taught the native to be merciful to his beast. In the provinces, where the Japanese are less enlightened, animals are fairly treated, but in Tokio itself, the *Japan Mail* tells us, horses endure atrocious cruelty. The passers-by look on with perfect indifference, and though both native and English journals point out the evil, and the Government has even been appealed to, matters remain just the same. "Horses in the last stage of disease and decrepitude are yoked to heavily overloaded coaches, and scourged into a momentary semblance of vitality." The owners find it profitable to buy old and valueless animals, and work them to death, and as the law does not interfere the Japanese seem to be deaf to all humane suggestions. Here is a good opportunity for a branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which would find its work fully cut out. It is only lately that wheeled vehicles have in any measure replaced the *jinriksha*, which even now may be seen drawn by a female, while a stalwart male sits inside. Before the Restoration carts were little used.

SOME CURIOUS INFORMATION respecting the natives of Terra del Fuego was gathered by the *Alert* during her late surveying expedition in the Straits of Magellan. The Fuegians were very friendly, gathering round the sailors in unpleasant proximity at meal times, and being thievesly inclined, but owing to their remarkable mimetic capacities it was impossible to learn much of their language, as the natives would copy every sign, but would not translate it into words. They are an exceptionally ugly race, particularly the women, having matted black hair and huge shark-like mouths, wearing little clothing but a thick coating of dirt, and being so lazy as generally to eat their food raw. They feed chiefly upon seals, fish caught by their dogs, and cormorants, which they catch by the leg when asleep; they inhabit low globular wigwags, resembling those of the Esquimaux, and few of the race live to be old, this circumstance being probably due to the climate, which is described as dreadful, the rain falling heavily for six days out of seven. The dead appear to be buried in clefts of the rocks. The Fuegians are bitter enemies of the seal hunters, and for their protection are armed with strong spears, bows and arrows, the heads of the last being generally made from the heads of whisky bottles. One Fuegian was domiciled on board the *Alert* to be brought up as an interpreter, but his constitution soon broke down under European habits, and he died.





THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW — THE TROOPS CROSSING THE PONTOON BRIDGE AT DATCHET

THE GRAPHIC

"A WATER-COLOUR ACADEMY"

ONE of the greatest reproaches habitually made by foreign artists against the work and the aims of the English Schools of Painting is their tendency to Parochialism. We pay, according to this accusation, little attention to the claims of higher Art, we seek only to please the limited taste of the public immediately surrounding us, we allow ourselves to be fettered in every limb by deference to the opinions of Mrs. Grundy and the parish beadle. There is some truth in the charge thus brought against us; we do habitually, like that celebrated witness who was being examined rather severely by the opposing counsel, murmur through our tears, "We may have been unfortunate but we've always been respectable," we do plead our veracity in atonement for our dulness, and our propriety in excuse for our feebleness. And much of this weak-kneed behaviour in Art undoubtedly comes from our national character, and is fostered by our insular position. We are to a certain extent even now shut out from surrounding influences, and have to guide our steps, artistic or otherwise, in the little Art circle of our own wisdom. But, perhaps, a still greater reason for the want of any high general estimate of Art work, and for the lack of diffusion of general Art knowledge, is the tendency that has increased so rapidly of late years to split up the domain of Art into a multitude of little departments, and to encourage artists to cultivate this or that narrow strip of soil to the exclusion of all the rest. We are like children, who care little for the huge garden of their parents, but are for ever plucking the public by the sleeve, and eagerly demanding that they should come and inspect the meagre territory where half-a-dozen cheap flowers struggle more or less successfully out of the ill-kept ground. It is "all our own," we say eagerly. "No one has anything to do with it but ourselves." And so, not to work our simile to death, one child shows us a pansy, and another a geranium, and a third points to a hollyhock, and a fourth to a sunflower, and all are quite convinced that one is right and all the rest wrong. Such a feeling it is which has caused the pitiable divorce, and still more pitiable jealousy between oil and water-colour painting, which is perhaps the gravest sin that can be laid to the charge of the Royal Academy. Such a feeling, it is which makes the painters admit grudgingly the works of sculptors and architects, such a feeling it is which has prompted the formation of dozens of subsidiary societies, all practising one little branch of art, and all alike calling heaven and earth to witness that here, and here alone, is to be found true Art. It has come to this, that any one who wishes to know what English artists are doing must go to at least a dozen exhibitions, and run about over half London before he can gratify his curiosity. The great fault lies at the doors of the Royal Academy, a body which, considering its advantages, pecuniary, social, and artistic, its lack of rivalry, and its unquestioned supremacy, has done less for Art within the last hundred years than any similar body in the world. This is not a matter of conjecture, but one of absolute and undoubted fact, and it arises in a great measure from the constitution of the Society, which is one that has gradually gained public rights whilst retaining private privileges. This is an old matter now, and one which this is hardly the place to discuss in all its bearings; but it is worth while to bear in mind the anomaly, and the drawbacks to Art and artists which that anomaly involves, since there is at the present time an opportunity of avoiding a similar error—an opportunity, moreover, which if it be not seized upon at once will hardly be likely to recur for several years.

If, instead of considering oil painting, we turn to the sister Art of water-colours, we find that the parochialism of which we have spoken is in even greater force than in the more dignified, or at all events more ancient, medium. There are at the present time in London three groups of artists, exhibiting yearly and bi-yearly collections of drawings, all of whom consider themselves representative bodies, each of whom have—let us for once speak plainly—a general contempt for the others, and a disinclination to consider the work of any artist not in the set as being worth talking about. The Societies are (1) the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, (2) the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, (3) the Dudley Gallery. Of these the first is the oldest and the richest. The second contains some first-rate talent, and has perhaps more vitality; and the third represents chiefly the works of the large Committee of young, or comparatively young, artists who manage its affairs. Of these, the last only admits to its galleries the works of outsiders, and as the Gallery consists of only one moderate-sized room—as the Committee number, if we recollect rightly, between fifty and sixty—it may be easily conceived that there is not much vacant space for the works of those who are unknown. Both the “Society” and the “Institute” exhibit only the works of their own members, and elect these by ballot from those who choose to send drawings at certain seasons for candidature. When so chosen the artist becomes an Associate exhibitor, and then has to be balloted for a second time ere he becomes a full member. Then there are always two grades in the Society, and certain privileges are attached to full membership. All these divisions, restrictions, and distinctions are bad both for the artists and for the public, as we shall endeavour to show shortly, a little further on. But let us now see how they can be remedied. We want to discuss what scheme could be proposed which should give the exhibiting artist the greatest chance of having a good picture surely accepted and carefully hung, which should enable students and young artists to study the works of the English School of Water-Colours as a whole, which should provide means of adequate instruction for the younger members of the profession, and which should in its public capacity enable all lovers of the art to see in the building, properly arranged and lighted, a representative collection of English water-colour painting. At present not one of these objects is gained by the existing method of exhibiting and division into private societies, and it is only because each of these is so necessary, and we think so perfectly capable of being effected, that we write this article.

It is quite clear what is wanted. First a body of artists is wanted, chosen as much as possible from all the Societies, who should put aside all their party prejudices, and devote their energies to the constitution of a general Water-Colour Exhibition, which should be large enough, and impartial enough, to do for water-colour properly what the Royal Academy does for oils partially. In this connection it must be remembered that, owing to the far smaller size of water-colour paintings, and their comparatively slighter popularity, this would not involve anything like the same difficulty. In the second place it would be necessary that these artists should be prepared to administer this Association for public rather than private ends—should not, for instance, reserve to themselves the pick of places in the exhibition, or claim the right as at present in the Water-Colour Galleries to exhibit as many of their own drawings as they should choose. There should be, too, a School of Water-Colour Painting established in connection with the exhibition, and the galleries should be open to the work of the students at certain times, and there should be prizes and studentships instituted with the direct intention of encouraging all the higher developments of the art. Does this sound sufficiently Utopian? Well, it certainly does at first hearing, and yet, strange to say, the only obstacle in the way of its being an established fact lies not in the want of money, or enterprise, or building, or in the lack of disinterested promoters, but in the indifference, if not disapproval, of the artists themselves. Those who are conversant with matters of Art interest will already be aware that a Company has been formed (we can do nothing now in England without a Company) by the Institute and some capitalist friends, with the express object of erecting a building upon a site in Piccadilly,

nearly opposite Burlington House, of sufficient size to form an exhibition of the kind suggested, which it is proposed to administer much after the plan above sketched out. The Institute has invited the members of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours to join them in their undertaking, and to co-operate with them in the endeavour to found an English Academy of Water-Colours. According to this scheme admission to the Exhibition would depend simply and entirely upon merit, the members having only the power to exhibit a very limited number of their own works. It is contemplated to establish schools and studentships in connection with the above, and in short to take all such other steps as are necessary to secure the end in view. Can it be believed that, without one single reason for their refusal, such is the amount of misconception, and perhaps we may even say jealousy, between the Water-Colour Institutions, that the elder Society has as yet declined to meet the Institute in the above scheme, or in any modification of it? Surely, in the interests of all concerned, it is time that this unworthy and mistaken feeling should cease. Here is an undertaking which must appeal to every artist to whom the welfare of his art is seriously important. It promises, if successful, to establish Water-Colour Art upon a firm and dignified basis, to extend its popularity by concentrating its attractions, to extend its development by proper teaching and mutual encouragement, to do away with all the poor enmities and prejudices which ignorance of each other's aims and merits have allowed to endure so long between two bodies of earnest and honourable artists, and it offers to every young painter an opportunity of showing his work worthily in the companionship of the best members of his profession. It would be a thousand pities if such an undertaking were to fall to the ground, or to be carried out by one alone of the Institutions we have named. And yet on this seems likely to be the case, unless some step is taken at once by the Council of the Old Water-Colour Society. The "Institute" have done all they can. They have started the undertaking, purchased the ground, formed the Company, procured the money (all the shares are subscribed for), and now they only say to the "Society" "Join us on your own terms, and let us work together for the good of the Art we both love!" We cannot think such an invitation will be in vain. The Queen has just signified her gracious pleasure that the old Society shall henceforward be called "The Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours," let it show that it is "Royal" in feeling as well as in name. This is a glorious opportunity for proving that *Noblesse oblige*.

HARRY QUILTER

HARRY QUILTER

ST. SWITHIN'S DAY

Of all the days in the year this is by popular assent agreed upon as the most irritating, as, however fine the morning may be, it generally happens to rain before nightfall, and so maintains its traditional history. Hence, it is not surprising that when young people arrange for picnics and garden parties they entertain no specially friendly feeling towards St. Swithin for unsettling, as he is supposed to do, the weather from the date of his festival. However ludicrous this superstition may be, it is curious to find even sensible persons occasionally giving credence to it, and showing evident symptoms of alarm if only so much as a few heat drops break the supposed spell connected with this eventful day. Such persons, however, lose sight of the fact, which ought to be generally known, that rarely a day passes in the course of the year without rain falling in some locality or other; and, in addition to this fact, July is a showery period—thunder-showers often being of frequent occurrence about this time. Putting aside the fallaciousness of this piece of weather-lore associated with St. Swithin's festival, it has nevertheless been made the subject of several well-known proverbs. Thus in the "Coventry Almanack" for 1675 we are told that—

If St. Swithin weeps, the proverb says,
The weather will be foul for forty days.

According to another old rhyme—

St. Swithin's Day, if thou be fair,
'Twill rain for forty days nae mair ;
St. Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain.

Gay, again, who has described so many old customs and superstitions, has not forgotten St. Swithin's day, telling us in his "Trivia :"—

How if on Swithin's feast the welkin low'rs,
And every pent-house streams with hasty show'rs,
Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain,
And wash the pavement with incessant rain.

Among the numerous other sayings connected with this day, we are told that, "If on St. Swinth's Day it proves fair, a temperate winter will follow : but if rainy, stormy, or windy, then the contrary." Again in some parts of England the peasantry say, when it rains on this day, that "St. Swinth is christening the apples." Churchill gives a casual reference to the superstitious notions about rain on this day :—

July, to whom, the Dog Star in her train,
St. James gives oysters, and St. Swithin rain.

In some old church books we find entries of gatherings of "Saint Swithine's farthyngs" on this day. Thus, in the churchwarden's accounts in the parish of Horley, Surrey, under the years 1505-6, occurs the following entry, which refers to this custom:—"8m.—Saint Swithine farthyngs the said 2 yeres, thirty shillings and Itm."

Once more, the old custom of assembling on St. Swithin's Day in the orchards and christening the apples is still kept up in some parts of Kent. According also to a popular notion, all the apples found upon the trees on this day will mature and ripen. It is still a disputed question among antiquarians how the superstition about St. Swithin's Day arose. A well-known tradition says that it originated in the following circumstance:—Before St. Swithin's death, which took place in 868, he had desired that he might be buried in the open churchyard, and not in the chancel of the minster, as was usual with other Bishops; a request which was naturally complied with. On his being canonised, however, the monks considered it disgraceful for the saint to be in a public cemetery, and so resolved to remove his remains to the chancel. This event was to have taken place with every mark of outward show on the 15th July; but it rained so violently for forty successive days that the design was ultimately abandoned. This story, however, has been shown to be without any foundation; for so far from rain and tempests bursting forth on the occasion, the weather seems to have been most propitious. The superstition in question, it has been suggested, probably arose from some primeval pagan belief regarding the meteorologically prophetic character of some day about the same period of the year as St. Swithin's. In support of this notion, it is worthy of note that in most countries there is a rainy saint. Thus, for instance, in Germany there are no less than three raining saints, one of the days being the Festival of the Seven Sleepers, which is commemorated on June 27. In France, St. Medard (June 8th), and St. Gervase (June 19th) have a similar character assigned to them; while in Flanders there is St. Godelieve. It is not necessary, however, to give further examples in proof of this widespread species of superstition, most countries having their representative rainy saints. This fact, therefore, would seem to indicate that the piece of weather-lore associated with St. Swithin arose from some meteorological notion which attributed rainy weather to this season of the year, the same rule applying to those saints on the Continent in connection with whose festivals a similar idea prevails. Referring, once more, to the number of days over which St. Swithin's influence is supposed to extend, it may be noted that the number forty plays

a very prominent part in the weather proverbs, and as Mr. Swainson, in his "Weather Folk-Lore" (116), has pointed out, it is to be referred to the frequent occurrence of this period in Holy Scripture —e.g., the rain fell on the earth for forty days whilst Noah was in the ark, Moses was forty days on Mount Sinai, &c. In conclusion, we may remind our readers that according to the well-known proverb—

Against St. Swithin's hartie showers,
The lily white reigns queen of the flowers.

T. F. THISTLETON DYER



II

WITH the addition of "Pauline," a "dramatic tale" by Julian Hawthorne, to its usual serials, the *Cornhill* is more than half given over to fiction.—"Hector Berlioz" is, however, a most amusing biography of the stormiest of French musical critics and composers—a prophet everywhere save in his own country, whose fame has even grown and widened after death, though not as yet to the extent of inducing *impresarios* to put again upon the operatic stage his cherished *Troyens a Carthage*.—A "New Study of Tennyson," an analytical comparison of the "Idylls of the King," (as the work which most precisely marks "the extent and the limitation of the Laureate's powers") with the old prose romances on which they are based, decides that their author, though unsurpassed for elaborate workmanship, and exquisiteness of simile and description, may not be ranked for original conception and constructive skill among even the lower-placed of the true "Masters of Epic Song."

Under the title "Stray Leaves of History," "Diplomaticus" in *Temple Bar* throws some curious lights on the intrigues of Napoleon I. to prevent the marriage of the Princess Charlotte of Wales to the Hereditary Prince of Orange, as well as on the personal causes of offence which induced the Princess to break off the engagement.—"The Peerage a Century Ago," is an amusing retrospect of the eight volumes of "Collins" for 1778. Our Peers, we find, though more numerous now than then, have not increased in the same ratio as the population. Dukes have even remained stationary; though for nineteen marquises in the present year there was, in 1779, only one—the Marquis of Rockingham. On the other hand, a comparative estimate will show that the Upper House has at the least fully shared in the general increase of longevity among the higher classes which has been brought about by superior knowledge of sanitary laws and perhaps, too, by a more orderly way of living.

A clever and suggestive paper in *Macmillan*, by Professor Seeley, "From the Cambridge Lecture Rooms: Bonaparte," sums up the First Napoleon as "neither charlatan nor hero," but a great genius, who was also essentially a "great deceiver," an inheritor of "the art of the old prophet-conquerors," though without, in his case, the little grain of enthusiasm and self-deception which leavened their entire work.—"In Wyoming," by Professor Geikie, is a pleasantly-written narrative of an "Erosionist's" tour in a region which exhibits on the largest scale and with least alloy of other agencies the effects upon the earth's surface of sub-aerial wear and tear.

In the *Gentleman's*, Dr. Leary sharply criticises the "Revised New Testament" on the ground of literary style; "Redspinner" contributes a pleasant journal of a day's "Spring Troutng"; and Miss Frances Ellen Colenso sees in our settlement of "The Transvaal Question" irrefutable argument for showing "simple and easy mercy to the conquered Zulus."

"Four Days with Sanna," a sympathetic story of a little excursion by a pair of friends—an American and a Norwegian—from Bergen to Gudvangen and the Sogne fiord is to our taste the most attractive paper in a rather tame number of the *Atlantic Monthly*.—In *Harper* "The White Mountains, II.," furnish matter for more excellent illustrations of the wilder recesses, whether as seen in sunny days of May or in the frightful January storms, when the United States Signal Service huts run imminent risk of being blown bodily into their deep ravines.—"Life at Rideau Hall" is a pleasant courtly account of the domestic life of the Governor-General of Canada and the Princess Louise—a life whose fashion, if somewhat less broadly genial than was the case with their predecessors in office, has already left a happy impress on Canadian culture.—"Old Dutch Masters" is a capital paper, capitally illustrated, on the three famous "Miniaturists," Douw, Mieris, and Metz.

Scrībner, besides the concluding chapters of Mr. Cable's pathetic "Madame Delphine"—pity the Creole *patois* grates so upon English ears—and a fresh instalment of the ever-amusing "Uncle Remus" has some good descriptive articles—the best of all Mr. Murfee's account of the "Levees of the Mississippi," of the floods which ever and again break them down, and of Captain Eads' gigantic scheme for the permanent reclamation of a territory, about equal "in area to two or three of our smaller States." Lovers of art, pictorial or domestic, may each find matter to their taste in "Younger Painters of America," and in "Decoration in the Seventh Regiment Armoury," the "last word" seemingly of the "Associated Artists," or painter-decorators, organised and led by Mr. Tiffany.—*St. Nicholas*, too, is fully up to the mark with its medley of healthy reading, grave or gay, for the young folk.—"Captain Sarah Bates" may especially be noticed as a good and thoroughly Yankee tale.

The late virulent attack on our "Doctors" in the *Modern Review* has elicited in the present number two able and conclusive replies from Dr. Carpenter and from "two members of the medical profession."—Mr. Hargrove has a pleasing essay on the somewhat worn theme of William Blake, and Mr. Geldart some short and slightly captious "Notes on the Revised Version." The general ability of the paper is a little lessened, to our mind, by a certain obvious thinness.

Our Times continues to assail municipal and other abuses in short-pungent papers, of which Dr. Hubbard's "Excusable Homicide"—an exposure of working defects in our Pharmacy and Medicine Stamp laws—is a good example. The increasing number of deaths by the ungarded sale of dangerous drugs and patent medicines seems certainly to call for some protective measures.—"French Horse-Racing, ch. 4, 5," carries us from the victories of Franc-Picard to the first beginnings of the great Lagrange establishment at Newmarket.

In the *Month* the Rev. J. O'Fallon Pope has a clever controversial article on the Church's doctrine of "Indulgences," and Father Thebaud continues his account of the Catholic Missions to the North American Indians.

To the *Antiquary* Mr. George Marshall contributes a paper on "Armorial China," much to be commended to collectors of eighteenth century porcelain; and Mr. Phillimore an interesting note on Shakespeare's intimate knowledge of Gloucestershire, and introduction into his plays of Gloucester scenery and people.

Those deft-fingered ladies who make their dresses at home will appreciate a fresh fashion book, "*La Saison*" (12, Paternoster Square), which, though long favourably known abroad, has only lately appeared in London. Part of the letterpress is in English and the remainder in French, both chronicles giving ample information respecting feminine attire. The illustrations of costumes, &c., are tasteful, without over-elaboration, and are more practical than usual in similar publications, while the hints on the latest

novelties, patterns for fancy work, coloured plates, and in particular the engravings of historical costumes—invaluable as suggestions for fancy dresses—combine to form a capital monthly shillingsworth.

IN FOR A PUBLIC SCHOOL SCHOLARSHIP

NEXT week will be a time of unusual anxiety for English school-masters, parents, and boys. At least three of the great public schools—Winchester, Eton, and Charterhouse—then hold their annual examinations for scholarships. Many friends are interested in this year's decision, and many households are looking on hopefully towards future examinations for their sons.

As the oldest Foundation, Winchester rightfully claims pre-eminence. On Monday the stranger at Winchester Station will be astonished at its unwonted bustle. Parents and lads, and sisters taken for a few days' holiday, rush hither and thither for luggage and omnibuses,—

Matres atque viri, pueri innuptæque puellæ.

It is not perhaps astonishing that classical recollections besiege memory on the very threshold of the town so long sacred to the Muses, where stood a Temple of Apollo long before a Christian church. And it is needful to hurry, for the inns are overflowing, private houses full, spare beds taken, and lodgings at a high price, in case thrifless wights have not bethought themselves betimes of the need of shelter. Of course the first evening is given up by all to sight-seeing. But on the posts at the entrance of the chief hotel, and elsewhere in the old town, lists of the boys, between two and three hundred in number, who are to compete for the scholarships, are fastened, to which the victims resort with that cold shiver passing down their backbones which some of them will again experience in after life on seeing their productions in print for the first time. There are sure to be many names not unknown already to Winchester College fame, and these are picked out by the initiated, as betting men instinctively fasten on the favourites in the "correct card" of horses which are to run for the Derby. But the event in both cases frequently belies anticipation. The scholarships, at all events, are bestowed without the least favouritism on the best papers done by boys between the ages of twelve and fourteen, who alone are allowed to contend. Nor do professional crammers appear to fare better in this competition than the old-fashioned grammar schools, with their ordinary routine of solid instruction. Last year the highest scholarship was won by the Allhallows Grammar School at Honiton, and a country parson, who carefully grounds his son in Greek and Latin, has as good a chance of getting him into Winchester as if he put the boy under the most expensive of advertising tutors.

The Cathedral is usually reserved by the visitors for the morrow. At present a full tide of parents and cousins sweeps down after dinner to the gray walls and time-honoured foundation of William of Wykeham. The "little victims" themselves in neat jackets and tall hats are as blithe as if no remorseless examiner awaited them to-morrow; but it is the privilege of youth to be gay, and no one would put old heads on their shoulders before the time, even if they might win a scholarship thereby. With much awe does the whole party gaze upon the school buildings, which date from the end of the fourteenth century, the Entrance Gateway, Warden's Lodge, and Commoners'. Where the whole *genius loci* so powerfully appeals to the heart, some monuments of ancient piety are beheld with especial interest, the sculptured images of the Virgin and Child, with the Angel Gabriel and the devout Founder on his knees, the Hall with its quaint trenchers and scimitar-like knives, the Chapel where centre so many hallowed associations, the bronze statue of the Founder bedizened with paint and gilt over the School-room door, the shady Cloisters bearing initials cut by the knives of many a generation of scholars. That boy must indeed be unambitious whose nature is not fired at the thought of being connected with so many memories of the great and good of past days. The School Court, with School, and the "scobs" are gazed at with very different emotions by Paterfamilias and the mothers. The gloomy side of school life is here evoked, and the former draws upon classical recollections, as he muses (little knowing the Head Master's tenderness of heart),

*Gnosius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna,
Castigatque, auditque.*

And then Fancy paints a still more direful picture,

*Hinc exaudiri gemitus et sæva sonare
Verbera;*

and

Continuo auditæ voces vagitus et ingens.

As for the mothers, they shudder at the thoughts of their darlings in the dormitories, and are agitated by vague fears of the "ground-ash;" but the School, as with their lords, completes their discomfiture, though their previsions naturally run in the vernacular:—

*While high in air the sighs and shrieks and groans
Ascend, one direful peal of mortal moans;*

and their sentiments embrace—

*In one group, distinguished yet combined,
Grief, Pity, Terror, all that shakes the mind.*

The passage of both fathers and mothers to The Meads resembles that of the ancient hero from the *Iugentes campi* to the Elysian Fields. A peep at the Trusty Servant restores cheerfulness to the latter, while the fathers renew their youth as they watch cricket being played in those well-shaven Meads. What a charm resides in these sunny fields, and how intensely happy the youths who may play in them! At all events, they have no dire forebodings of ill, no want of self-confidence, no fear of the unknown battle of life raging beyond the peaceful horizon of School! Dressed in white, they run and shout and bat with a vigour which Paterfamilias envies; or saunter off to the Racket and Fives Courts. Could a boy be unhappy here? Yet, however miserable be homesick youth, the Ichen's fair streams forbid egress, or, as we fear distempered imagination would put it—

*Fas obstat, tristisque palus inamabilis unda
Alligat, et novies Styx interfusa coeret.*

From The Meads, if a fisherman, a father betakes himself to the banks of the Ichen to inspect the "Old Barge" and look at the fish rising. Even the most uninitiated knows that this river contains some of the best trout in the kingdom, and that they are proportionally difficult to be caught. As any river affords a pleasant ramble to a fisherman, the currents of the Ichen are charming to such an one, agitated with hopes and fears for his boy.

But the real work of the visit commences with the boys at nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, after the pleasant tea-parties with cousins and friends on the previous evening. The Town Hall is laid out with long tables, and those little bundles of blotting-paper and blue foolscap which are so detested by the victims of the examination mania. Parents and friends escort the candidates down the High Street, and, hanging over them to the last moment with blessings and good wishes, see them ushered into the Chamber of Horrors. A couple of Fellows of the College, in gown and cap, then enter and present each candidate with paper No. 1. A glimpse of the wretched lads beating their brains, biting their nails, and seeing Hope fly further as every question is read, is considerably afforded to the parents; and then the doors are shut to open no more till mid-day, when each boy will infallibly rend his mother's heart as he returns and tells her, "This morning's paper has floored my chance!" However, the examination continues for several days, during which the boys are examined in Greek and Latin, French,

English, and mathematics, with papers which absolutely set their fathers' hair on end, so abstruse do they seem. The anxious relations meanwhile console themselves with trips to St. Cross and Hursley, and scan day by day the narrowing list of names at the hotel door. For, after the first day's papers, some hundred or hundred and fifty of the candidates are carefully weeded out of the list, and told that the examiners will not further trouble them. The interest is thus enormously intensified on the last day (generally Friday), and amid much excitement the names of the successful dozen or twenty candidates are posted. Proud boys they may well be for the nonce; and still prouder, if possible, are their happy parents. Telegrams fly to the four quarters of the compass, and fill many an old hall and ivy-covered parsonage with delight. "And then the poor lads," says the enemy of modern competitive examinations, "go home, pallid and exhausted, to spend the next month under the doctor's care, taking phosphorus and drinking zoeodone." Not a bit of it. They form the centre of merriment at the rectory cricketing party next week, are found bathing at Whitby, or catching trout in Loch Shin. Stiff as these public schools' examinations undoubtedly are, so long as the present rage for athletics accompanies the severe mental training which they imply there is no fear of loss of brain power or general collapse in those who take part in them. They issue in a practical as well as a classical end—*mens sana in corpore sano.*

M. G. WATKINS.

BURNHAM BEECHES

LONDONERS who visit Burnham Beeches for the purposes of a friendly picnic, artists who go down there in quest of "back-grounds" for a promising little figure subject, bird-catchers who ply an illegal trade in a favourable vicinity, volunteers who assemble on the neighbouring common, and bicyclists who go revolving round its sandy stretch, are all probably equally ignorant that the property of the Corporation is the foundation of a great constitutional principle, which has recently been doubted, and which may at any moment be repealed.

Any one who takes an interest in politics has heard of the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, and of the long succession of Members of Parliament who have accepted that office, and thus been relieved from the representation of their constituencies. A certain amount of black-letter lore hangs over the subject. We know the theory that the acceptance of an office under Government with an emolument attached vacates an election, and that the Chiltern Hundreds—or rather the Stewardship of it—is one of the few Government offices which literally may be had for the asking. But then what has all this to do with Burnham Beeches, and where is the connection between a constitutional fiction and a stretch of English sylvan scenery?

The answer is that they are identical. Burnham has an interesting history of its own. Centuries ago it was the site of a King's palace, and of a famous monastery. The Abbot of St. Alban's ruled over the district; but it was a district that had an ill report. The Chiltern Hills ran across Buckinghamshire, and passed not very far from that quaint little country town that gave his title to the late Premier. Even in those days Burnham and its neighbourhood were famous for its beech trees. The derivation of the word Book is the Anglo-Saxon *boec*, and *boec* is itself the Anglo-Saxon for beech. So long ago as in those bygone centuries Buckingham was *the* county, not, indeed, for books, but for beech trees, and thus its name testifies to its fame, which was not altogether a good one.

The brushwood which covered the base of the Chilterns made it the safe haunt of robbers and outlaws. The scene which is now so familiar to holiday folks, where ginger beer, cocoa nuts, and Aunt Sally proclaim the popularity of cockney taste, was once literally a den of thieves. Artists, seeking to revive the interest in the wild life of Robin Hood and his followers, have gone to Burnham to put in one of the glades of the famous forest as a background to a picturesque brigand, and have been quite unconscious how very near they sailed to the truth.

The great road from the North to the metropolis passed not so far from the Chilterns, and highwaymen would sally forth to pillage, and then return in safety to the woods and the cover. These merry companions had but little respect even for the Monastery, and their depredations became so frequent that the Abbot of St. Alban's interested himself for the good of the brotherhood. He caused the trees to be felled and the brushwood to be cleared. But he could only do this partially; and the outlaws, hunted from one hiding-place, soon found another, where they collected their forces and levied toll on an unsuspecting public. At length the nuisance went so far, that the Crown took it up, and created the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds. This officer has dominion over the whole district of Burnham, Desborough, and Stoke, and it is his duty to keep peace in the forest and to subdue outlaws and highwaymen. He is still paid what he was originally paid—25s. a year—and it must be admitted that the neighbourhood is quiet, and that robbery in Burnham Beeches—if it exists at all—is confined to the sale of refreshments at exorbitant prices.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has the patronage of the post; and as it is probably the only Government appointment which can be got without interest, so it is one of the few offices filled by officials who never draw their salaries. In the last half-century there have been many Stewards of the Chiltern Hundreds; it is doubtful whether any one of them ever received his 25s.

It is strange to walk under the shadow of these old beech trees and realise them as the haunts of outlaws and marauders. It is stranger, perhaps, to think of the lands as ruled over by monks and abbots. But the Abbess of Burnham was in her day a very important personage. There is a curious MS. of the report of a Special Commission issued under the Great Seal of Edward I., in which the inhabitants of Windesore complain that the Abbess of Burnham had raised a certain market at Bekensfeld for sixteen years, they know not by what warrant, and another at Burnham, to the prejudice of the Lord the King and of the market at Windesore. So a few years later we read how a certain Mr. Lewin left his mansion and lands to the Provost and College of Windsor on condition that they should yearly "keep an *Obit*, with *Dirige* and Mass of Requiem" for his soul in the Church of Burnham, and expend 10s. on priests, clerks, and poor people, and 3s. 4d. on the churchwardens, and that if these conditions were not fulfilled, the whole estate should be utterly forfeited to the Worshipful Company of Ironmongers. The Worshipful Company have never enjoyed the estate, though the conditions are not quite fulfilled. But the Vice-Provost of the College goes to Burnham Church on Good Friday, preaches a sermon in the morning, and takes from the Bursar of the College 20s., giving 16s. 8d. to the poor for alms, and being entitled to 3s. 4d. himself as the price of his sermon. Traditions, legends, customs, and usages seem to cling round this little stretch of land, which is as characteristically English as any county in the kingdom. The little country town of Bekensfeld (Beaconsfield) is as clean, healthy, picturesque, though scarcely so busy as when Edward I. sought to relieve the Windsor folk from that grievance of the market. If you stroll through the village of Farnham you seem to have travelled back from Queen Victoria's days to Queen Anne's, while in the church you come upon a memorial of Queen Elizabeth. There is there a tablet up to one Eustace Merscall, who died in 1557, and was "Pistell-reader in Windsor." His duties and their emolument appear from some old MSS. accounts, which show that a Verger received 10s. a year, a Gospeller 8s., and the Episteller and organ-player 2s. 13s. 4d. On the whole it is doubtful whether any place so near London has so many points of varied interest.

W. L. W.



MESSRS. DUFF AND STEWART.—The name of G. A. Macfarren is a sufficient guarantee for the musical excellence of "Three Choral Trios" for female voices. No. 1, "Singing Liketh Me," is a bright melody in 6-8 time; the cheerful words are by Emily Pfeiffer. For No. 2, "Parting," Malcolm C. Salaman has written the sentimental poetry. No. 3, "The Mermaids," is written by G. Macfarren. These trios would prove a great success at a water-party, or any outdoor *fête*, as they may well be sung unaccompanied. "Summer Night," a mazurka by Conrad Herman, is pretty, but of an ordinary type.—Cotsford Dick has arranged his popular song, "Good Bye," as a waltz, with but dubious success.

ALFRED HAYS (LATE LONSDALE).—From hence come three very pleasing songs, music by Ciro Pinsuti. "Old Scars," is of medium compass for a soprano; the pathetic poetry is by M. M. Lemon, who has been equally successful with "One Word," a charming love song for a tenor.—Of a more ambitious type is "Sappho At Her Loom," the æsthetic poetry by Thomas Moore. A mezzo-soprano would make a sure hit with this song, provided she learnt to play the accompaniment and sing the words with taste.—Easy and tuneful, "Summer Music," a vocal duet for two *soprani*, will prove useful in the schoolroom; it is written and composed by J. H. Croxall, who did not prove so successful when he tried to be funny, and failed, in "Social Utopias, or Landing at Jerusalem," a so-called "Promoter's Song," and a remarkably silly composition.

MESSRS. RICORDI.—Four songs, with English words and Italian music, are: "Like to Like" and "Good Bye," words by G. J. Whyte-Melville, music of the former, for a voice of medium compass, by L. Denza, of the latter, for a tenor, by F. P. Tosti.—An ultra-sentimental baritone will find a very congenial song in "Lost Love," words by Alfred Elwes, music A. Guercia.—"At Daybreak," a barcarole, written and composed by H. Hersee and A. Rotoli, is sentimental to repletion, but will find interpreters and listeners in victims to the tender passion.—Very much in the same strain is "Sempre Sei," a *romanza* by L. Denza, words by Cesare Oliva.—The above-named composer has also set, to a more lively melody, "Ne Tu Pecche mo Faie," which A. Zanardini has transcribed into pure Italian.

MESSRS. S. LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.—Maude Valerie White is making sure, but rapid progress, and promises to be one of the leading female composers of the day. Three songs for which she has composed the music are out of the ordinary ballad groove. "Ave Maria," for voice, and organ is evidently the work of a thoughtful musician.—"Chantez, Chantez, Jeune Inspirée," is a graceful poem by Victor Hugo, a trifle too ambitious in its setting.—"To Music, to Be calm His Fever," the quaint words by Robert Herrick (1591—1633) is the most original of the group.—A brace of useful duets for female voices is "O Nightingale, O Nightingale," words by "E. R.," music by Arthur E. Jackson, and "The Sisters," a high-flown poem by Alfred Tennyson, music to correspond, by Arthur Sullivan; the former may be learnt to sing, the latter as a study.—"No. 1 of 'Six Feuilles d'Album,' transcribed for the violin (or violoncello or flute), with a pianoforte accompaniment, by Emile Hatzfeld, is a favourite melody, by Th. Kirchner, remarkable, if only for its brevity.—Good hard work, well worthy the attention of an advanced student of the pianoforte, will be found in "Concert Stick," for pianoforte and orchestra, by Walter Macfarren—a really clever composition.

MESSRS. RUDALL, CARTE, AND CO.—The *Flute Player's Journal* is making steady way. It has arrived at Vol. III. No. 30, which contains a "Romance" and "Tarantella," by T. Barrett, that will be welcomed by the student of that much-exercised instrument; still warmer will be the reception of *The Amateur Flute Player's Journal*, the current number of which contains "A Sketch from *The Pirates of Penzance*," arranged from A. Sullivan's opera by John Radcliffe. This journal has reached Volume III. No. 36, and promises a long career.

IN SUMMER

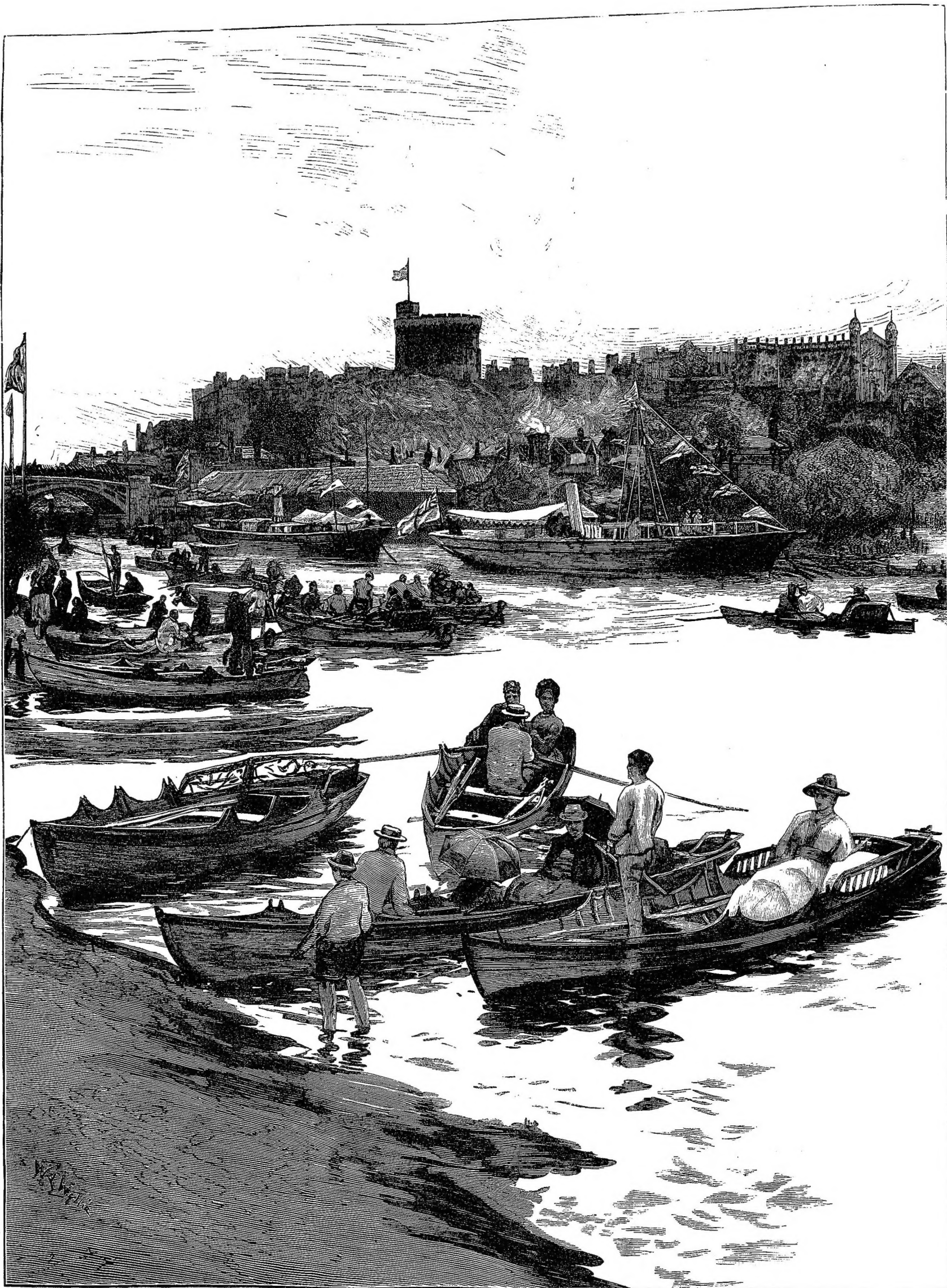
O SUMMER winds are soft and sweet,
And fair are Summer skies;
The flowers are slumberous with the heat;
But the long grass about my feet
All cool and odoriferous lies.
The sun is kindly down the west,
In pomp this eve rides he,
And, tipped with gold, each misty crest
Of grey and dun,—the clouds at rest
Float o'er him solemnly.
While their far sombre ranges through
Shine out long rifts, divinely blue.

Adown the scented garden ways
My lady comes to me,
Amid the lilies pale of grace—
Herself the fairest in the face
Of all that company.
No worldly deckings doth she wear,
A lily flower is she;
Her pure, pale face is very fair;
But the gold crowning of her hair
Is all her royalty.
She is so sweet,—one passionate rose
Leans out to touch her as she goes.

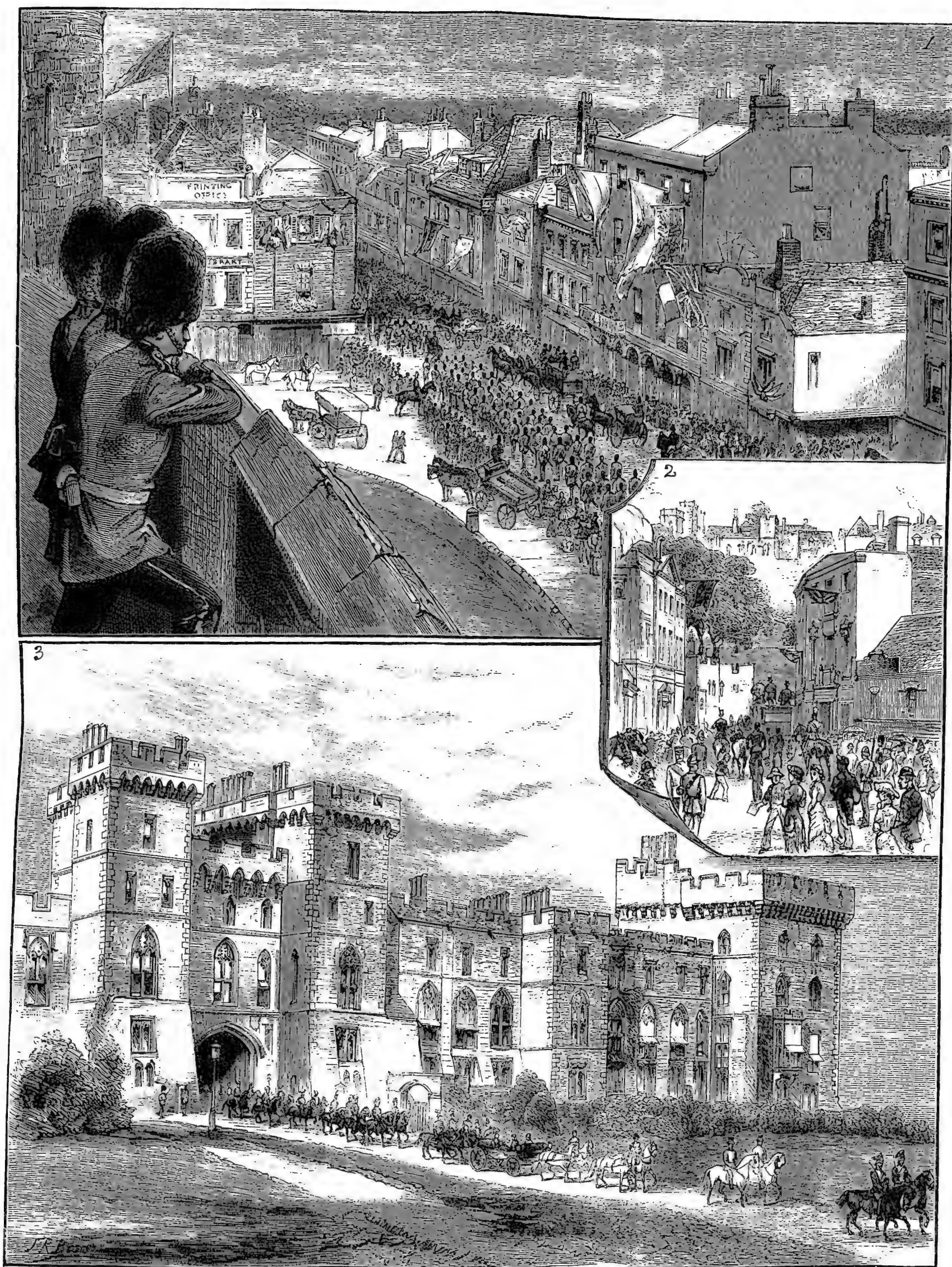
The birds are at their evensong,
Their joy is loud and clear;
And 'mid the chanting of the throng
The thrush's anthem, wild and long,
She stands awhile to hear.
Ah, Sweet! The gold will fade to grey,
Down yon far western gates,
The thrush's song will die away;
But one whose love will last away
For thy sweet coming waits.
She comes,—and, with no other sign,
Puts both her little hands in mine.

K. TYNAN

TRANSATLANTIC FUNERALS are conducted with much more pomp than in the Old World, and the fashion of "caskets," as the Americans politely term coffins, varies as much as the style of feminine toilette. Still, it seems rather odd to read in a dressmaking advertisement in the *Albany Sunday Press*, that "in addition to dressmaking in all its branches, Mrs. — will also conduct the business of laying out the dead, and will at all times be prepared to make at the very shortest notice shrouds, robes, habits, and burial dresses of every description, from the plainest to the most elaborate in cashmere, Swiss, silk, satin, &c. An establishment where handsome burial dresses can be obtained at short notice has long been a want in this city."



THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW—GOING DOWN BY RIVER



1. "Critics:" A Sketch from the Roof of the Guard Room, Windsor Castle.—2. On the Way to the Review Ground.—3. The Queen Leaving the Castle.

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW—NOTES IN WINDSOR TOWN



SOUTH-COUNTRY AGRICULTURE, according to the official reports to the Royal Commission, appears to be in a bad way. Mr. Little did not find a single district in which distress, more or less severe, did not exist, and he found reason to believe, on the evidence of bankers, land-agents, merchants, and dealers, that the full extent to which farmers are involved has not yet been made apparent. In Berks one owner has 4,000 acres in hand, besides his home farm. In Hants one landlord had estates of 5,000 acres which he could not let. In Kent three surveyors knew of 10,000 acres of land in the owners' hands, though vacant land in Kent was once unknown. In Surrey, Wilts, and Somerset, Mr. Little came across farms not only unoccupied but uncultivated.

WEST-COUNTRY AGRICULTURE is hardly better off, though small farms are much more numerous in the Western counties than is commonly known. The depression prevailing in the West is attributed by Mr. Doyle to bad seasons, dear labour, scamped work by the labourers, increased foreign competition, high rents, increased local taxation, and—in fewer instances than the other declared causes—the insecurity of tenure and capital for farmers. Mr. Doyle's researches have led him to the conclusion that a further sub-division of the land would *not* lead to increased production.

EASTERN COUNTIES' AGRICULTURE is reported upon by Mr. Druce, and his opinions are of the most sombre hue. The occupiers of strong slow-draining arable land have been almost ruined by the past few years. Everywhere in East Anglia it has been the heavy lands that have been most affected. Mr. Druce considers the depression to be greatest in Lincolnshire and Huntingdonshire; least in Norfolk. The wet and cold weather of 1879 and the broken character of the year 1880 are thought by Mr. Druce to have been sufficiently serious to account for most of the depression in the Eastern Counties.

MR. MECH'S FARM was put up for sale last week, but the reputation of the property failed to attract buyers, and the best offer was considerably below the amount for which the farm was mortgaged. The property, therefore, was bought in by the mortgagee. The fall in the value of farm property shown by this attempted sale is disastrously significant. From all reports which reach us Essex farming is in a very bad way.

THE SEASON.—The year continues on the whole propitious for the growing and ripening crops. A good breadth of hay has been secured in excellent condition, though the thunderstorm of Tuesday week did much damage. In many cases the crop cuts better than was expected, the light rains at the end of June having aided the grass at a critical moment. In other cases the yield is light, but the superior quality is some compensation. Wheat looks like an average crop, though very short in the straw. Barley is thought by many farmers to be the most promising of their cereals, especially since the Midsummer rains. Oats in the South and East of England are of indifferent promise, but in the North and North-West there should be a good crop. Oats are likely to be a full yield in Ireland.

Hops have come on very well of late. The bine seems to have done excellently, and in many cases it has run up the full length of the poles, and it generally looks clean and healthy, though there are exceptions. The Midsummer shoot is growing very fast, and on the whole there is a satisfactory immunity from insect pests. A few weeks ago there were a good many complaints of "cuckoos," jumpers, and other insects, but these complaints have now diminished.

A FLOOD of very local character, yet of a most destructive nature, visited the country between Heathersgill and the Solway on Friday week. Hay, turnips, wheat, and oats were all submerged, and the well-farmed lands by the Lyne became lakes, in the strictest conveying sense of "land covered by water." Two thousand acres have been submerged, and round them, in Midsummer, the flood has created miles of unhealthy green marsh. Strong embankments are needed; and we hope that Sir Frederic Graham and other great landowners of the district will undertake the work, either with or without a Government loan or Parliamentary grant.

TEMPERATURE CHANGES.—On the 5th of July, at Hereford, the maximum shade temperature was 89. On the 6th it was 62, a difference of 27 degrees in twenty-four hours. In London it was hotter—92 on the 5th, 67 on the 6th. The night of the 5th was very hot; 75 at 2 A.M. on the 6th.

THE ROOT CROPS.—Mangolds, where a good plant, have grown well, but weak and patchy fields have had many enemies to contend against, and are still bothered with weeds. Swedes, and occasionally turnips, have had to be resown on account of the fly, but as a rule these crops are now both doing well. It has been a fine season for clearing the ground, and the condition of the turnip land this year contrasts most favourably with that of last, though on the farm generally weeds have grown wonderfully fast in the past four weeks. The farmers who grow potatoes are generally satisfied, and while cereals promise a better yield than in 1880, we have no reason to fear a falling off from last year's good fortune in the way of the root crops.

JUNE was a month of moderate mean heat, though containing some very hot days. The remarkably cold period from the 7th to the 18th greatly reduced the general average, which otherwise would have stood higher than 57 degrees. The greatest heat in the sun *in vacuo* was 135 deg. on the 2nd, the lowest temperature of the month was 27 deg. on the grass on the night of the 8th. Rain fell on twelve days, but the total was moderate, and the maximum on one day '55 in. on the 6th. The strongest winds were south-westerly. The mean amount of ozone was 3.0, but on the 14th there was 7.0 of ozone in the air. On the whole, the month appears to have been favourable to animal and plant life, and would have been very so but for the incursion of bleak cold above referred to.

THE WEST OF ENGLAND ROSE SHOW has just been held at Hereford. The Show was small, but the exhibits were of a high order. Mr. Jowitt, of the Old Weir, Hereford, was *facile princeps* among the amateurs. The most striking successes were Mary Pochin, Madame Louis Pernet, Prince Arthur, Duchesse de Vallombrosa, de Morny, Sir Garnet Wolseley, Comtesse de Seregni, and Edward Morren. The Red Scudamore Stanhope exhibited a magnificent box of Marechal Niels. Among new roses, the Duke of Teck, Harrison Weir, and Souvenir de Madame Robert were especially remarked, Messrs. Curtis and Sanford being the most successful exhibitors in this department. The day of the Show was fair, after a heavy thunderstorm of the previous night.

SHEEP, CATTLE, AND WOOL.—Leicester Wool Fair showed lower prices than for some years, and the price of wool generally proves disappointing to farmers who looked for higher prices in this direction as some set-off against their heavy losses of the past two years. The live stock of the farm is doing well in most districts, and the supply of grass-fed meat is likely to be more abundant than was expected a month or so ago; dairy cows are likewise making a fair return. The great drawback, however, is the large area of unstocked land, the result of lost capital.

AGRICULTURE AND PROPHECY.—In the year 1000 a wonderful apathy with regard to worldly affairs prevailed in Europe. Farmers sowed no grain, merchants stopped their trafficking, while the churches were filled by crowds imploring pardon at the approaching end of the world. The present year has an equally sinister reputation for believers in Mother Shipton, but since 1000 the world has moved on sufficiently to make it a matter of wonder that in Carleton County, Canada, this idea of the end of the world has been sufficient to stay the sower in the furrow and the farmer at the plough. Hundreds of acres were absolutely left untilled, and the 19th of June, on which the catastrophe was expected, was awaited with general awe. The day has now past, and the farmers are seeing what they can get in for a summer crop.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

We cannot say very much for "The Song of Solomon, rendered into English Verse," by James Pratt, D.D. (Griffith and Farran). The author's speculations as to the true characters of the sacred masque are decidedly open to question, whilst the versification is not of an order to make us forget the wonderful poetic-prose of the Authorised Version. One sympathises with Dr. Pratt's appreciation of the original, but cannot but wish that greater powers had been brought to bear upon it.

It is some three years since Mr. John Payne published his translation of Villon's works for subscribers only, and to the general public their reappearance under the title of "The Poems of Master Villon of Paris" (Reeves and Turner) will be a novelty. We should have doubted the wisdom of this production, but that the translator vouches for the great popularity which the work has already attained, and which must, one would think, be in great measure owing to curiosity. Of course, to the student and the archaeologist the poems are eminently interesting, and they are of singular importance as being the first serious efforts at the formation of a national lyric style; but the real beauty and melody of the verse evaporate in the process of translation, and the matter is not, for the most part, inviting. The patriotic feeling in some of the minor pieces ennobs them in a degree, but the two Testaments are mostly as dull as they are disagreeable. Mr. Payne's introduction is the best part of the work, and is all that might be expected from him.

A very curious work is "The Marriage of Time," by Ambrofilus (Tinsley Brothers). So far as we can understand, the author in a "prophetic fury" went out for a sail with Time and Oceanus; the two aged deities were very unwell, and the fact is described with not too much delicacy. Then Poseidon appeared inimically, and the scanning of his name seems to have been a trial to the author, else we should not have been treated to such lines (meant to be decasyllabic), as—

To Poseidon it was no certainty.

Reducing Poseidon to nothingness.

Then Time seems to have wedded Eternity, and it is to be hoped that she taught him not to confuse Greek with Latin mythology. When "Ambrosius" remarks—

The age we live in is an age of beer,

one is inclined to suppose that he uses the pronoun in an editorial sense; and he may fairly be told that it will be time enough to sneer at Mr. William Morris and the author of "The Epic of Hades" when he himself can write verse which would not disgrace a modern burlesque. He is fond of interlarding his matter with Latin, and such a line as *Verbum sap, erat demonstrandum quod,*" would have been corporeally disastrous in its results, and earned him his deserts, if he had ever presented it at school.

A well-known old Hebridean legend gives rise to "The Prophecy of Saint Oran, and other Poems," by Mathilde Blind (Newman), but the story of the chief piece is quite spoiled. The motive of the saint's voluntary self-devotion is lost sight of, and a slur—which must have hindered canonisation—thrown on his character; the versification also is far from faultless; "sat," for instance, does not rhyme with "met." Anybody knowing Iona, the real scene of the tradition, must be amused at Miss Blind's fancy portrait of the low, sea-washed isle. Of the other poems the best is the "Pauper Poet's Song,"—really cheery and good, and there is mournful fancy in "The Abandoned."

The author of "A Decade of Verse," Margaret Lawrence Jones (Remington), tells us that her efforts are "almost entirely dramatic,"—which must be taken *cum grano*, since only "Roman Friends," which is one of the best, really claims so to be considered. Most of the pieces are of a ballad nature, and there is some ghastly power in "Immured;" but violets can hardly be described as "dun," even though the writer was at a loss for a rhyme to "sun."

"Gleanings," by Wilfrid B. Woodham (Cambridge: E. M. Jones) is evidently the work of a young man of refined tastes, some little imitative power, and a slight sense of humour. There are also a few epigrammatic touches—"On the Insecurity of Popular Favour" is very good in an eighteenth-century style, and "Something Rather Cheerful" has drop merit. The longer octosyllabic pieces are too Hudibrastic in effect.

A pretty little book of a religious tendency is "On the Wings of a Dove," by Sister E. C. S. J. B. (Griffith and Farran). It contains certain texts of Scripture, and graceful original verse, illustrating the chief periods of the Christian life, and the outline drawings with which it is embellished are poetical, if not always faultless.

Another most charming volume in Messrs. C. Kegan Paul and Co.'s "Parchment Library" is "Shakespeare's Sonnets," edited by Edward Dowden. The introduction is both scholarly and valuable; all students of Shakespeare should read it, and we think that most thoughtful readers will endorse the editor's opinion as to the meaning and order of the sonnets. The notes also are excellent. But, by the bye, has Mr. Dowden fully considered the use of "thou" and "you" in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as opposed to the modern English fashion?

It would be unfair to criticise severely such a book as "Evening to Morning, and Other Poems," by E. A. Jenns (Victoria: T. N. Hibben). The verses are avowedly "the firstling fruit of a boy's heart," and their author must be a pleasant, wholesome boy. The major piece, which deals with the great mysteries of eternity, was, perhaps, rather beyond Mr. Jenns's present powers, but there is spirit in the "Battle Song," and evidence that the author has the wit to study the ancestral Norse lore.

Some little reticence must be observed in speaking of the last work of a man recently dead, such as we have in "Songs of a Worker," by Arthur O'Shaughnessy (Chatto and Windus). It contains a good deal of unequal work—some almost exceptionally good, and more which we think it would have been wiser to leave unpublished. For instance, the opening poem, a "Song of a Fellow-worker," is admirable in its thoughtful fancy; "Fallen Flowers" is graceful and musical; and "A Parable of Good Deeds" reminds us of Leigh Hunt at his best. But no good end could be answered by the publication of the translations from the French, nor of the "Thoughts in Marble," which latter are not very telling examples of the rather morbid school of which the deceased was one of the more favourable specimens. It is not by such feverish lays that Mr. O'Shaughnessy—an honest, earnest man, and no mean lyricist—will be best remembered.

MOLLUSCOUS FOLKS

THE adjective "flabby" is wont to be used in an exclusively uncomplimentary sense. No one would feel flattered by having either his mind or muscles styled "flabby," and when the term is accidentally let drop in the House of Commons, there are sure to be heard faint murmurs of "Order," while many an eye glances towards Mr. Speaker, to see whether that august functionary is about to interfere. When the Eastern Question and its multitudinous ramifications were under discussion, the House became too much accustomed to hear strong language to lay much weight on a single offensive adjective. After all, however, the word "flabby" does not always mean unmeasured censure. Take, for instance, the lack of fibre in his opinions may be rather irritating to those who hold strong views. It is exasperating to a person of controversial temperament, when he finds his opponent languidly surrendering position after position, and yet, in the end, taking up exactly the same ground as at the beginning of the encounter. Let us suppose that the flabby man has expressed himself averse to the foreign policy of the Government, and that a strong Ministerialist at last comes to the rescue of the attacked with a phalanx of solid arguments. All along the line victory declares itself in favour of the defence, but when the fray terminates, the flabby one is sure to remark, with imperturbed equanimity, that he still considers Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues greatly at fault. Obsturacy of this sort is an almost invariable accompaniment of mental flabbiness. On the other hand, there are those who possess flabby wills ; people who having firmly resolved to do a certain thing, after duly weighing all the *pros* and *cons*, can be turned from their purpose by some chance circumstance of no importance at all. You argue, perhaps, with your flabby friend that it will be a folly to take out his crank steam yacht until the weather moderates. Down at Spithead there is an ugly sea running, and even the Solent is not over-smooth. He stands by his guns like a man, swears that the "Shower Bath" will make good weather of it, ridicules your dislike of a wetting, and telegraphs to his skipper to get up steam post haste. Then, at the very last moment, when you have screwed your courage to the sticking post, the flabby one discovers that there is half a point more "easting" in the wind than he had imagined, and the trip is given up. But it exercises his mind throughout the day, and you are irritated by hearing at one moment regrets, and at the next congratulations, that you and your flabby friend are not "driving through it" down at the Wight. And, odd to say, the irresolute fellow is quite ready to argue stoutly that he showed sound judgment both when deciding on the trip in opposition to your arguments, and when giving it up in deference to that half point of "easting." Much the same happens to him in all the affairs of life. After making up his mind to marry for money, in order to rehabilitate his family name and influence, he becomes engaged to a girl equally devoid of wealth and good birth. To this engagement he sticks steadfastly so long as his friends oppose it, but just when they have learnt to regard the *mésalliance* with some approach to equanimity, the flabby suitor discovers some trifling blemish in his adored one—a shade too much of red in her auburn tresses, perhaps—and the match is incontinently broken off. Thereupon, round swing his inclinations towards a *mariage de convenance*, and he will argue with you by the hour that it is the best possible thing for a man in his circumstances. No sooner, however, has he managed to find a bride-elect in the City than he sees a thousand and one good reasons why love should be the governing influence in all matrimonial projects. Needless to say, it is the man of flabby resolution who generally figures in breach-of-promise cases, and even when he finds himself mulcted in heavy damages by the enraged fair one, his heart turns towards her again as the one being who, but for uncontrollable circumstances, would have rendered his life "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

It must be owned that all this is provoking enough, but the flabby man is not destitute of some compensatory merits. As a rule he is an easy-going, pleasant sort of fellow, prone to genial hospitality, and ready to help a friend at a pinch. Stay at his house for a time, and all his thoughts will be concentrated on your amusement. Each hour of the day has allotted to it its own pleasure, and when your host places the programme before you, it is easy to see that he feels some pride in having made out such a capital list. True, it is foredoomed to complete alteration from beginning to end. On the day appointed for the lawn tennis party, when you looked forward to again meeting that charming little girl with the big eyes and jimp waist, you find yourself, hammer in hand, among a parcel of be-spectacled old gentleman hunting for fossils in a chalk quarry. Or it may be that you are carried off to a meeting for improving something or other connected with agriculture on a close, oppressive evening which, had the original programme been carried out, would have been passed in trout-fishing. Rather inconvenient and disappointing, of course, but, after all, your flabby friend provides you with a great deal of pleasure in his own way, and there is something rather exciting in the state of constant expectation and doubtfulness which forms your lot while under his hospitable roof. It must be owned, on the other hand, that you will have a rather unpleasant time of it should he chance to be unwell. Greatly troubled is he in diagnosing his disorder. Does the pain in his head proceed from biliousness or neuralgia, from hepatic derangement or nervous debility? At one moment his opinion veers in one direction; at the next, in another. Scarcely has he dissolved half-a-dozen grains of quinine before he parades a couple of blue pills; these are on the eve of being swallowed when he remembers a decayed molar, and hunts about for creosote and cotton wool. But the pain in his head is too generally diffused to be toothache; besides, it came on suddenly without warning, and that, he knows, is a symptom of tic. So the dose of quinine is doubled, and the glass is at your flabby friend's lips when it strikes him that he had a dull pain in his right side two or three days ago. Depend upon it, the headache proceeds from liver complaint, and nothing else. Hey, then, for the jolly blue pills! But stop; would not Friedrichshall water be better? Unquestionably, so out comes a quart bottle, and a jorum of the nauseous stuff is mixed with hot water. Eureka! the pain has suddenly gone away of its own accord! But it may come back, unless some preventives are taken, and your flabby friend, being still uncertain as to the nature of his ailment, gets out of the dilemma by tossing down quinine, blue pills, and Friedrichshall, while he stops his tooth with creosote-soaked wool. No sooner, however, are the potions down, than he becomes a prey to dire misgivings as to the chemical affinities possessed by the several drugs for each other.

Another weak point in the flabby man is his want of decisiveness in connection with sleep. In the smoking-room, after dinner, he begins to yawn before eleven o'clock has struck, and you catch his eyes shut every now and then in spite of the interesting nature of your discourse. Neither the affairs of Tunis or the Railway Tragedy will suffice to keep him awake. For once his flabby nature seems to have reached a fixed and unchangeable resolve, and this is to go to sleep although the heavens fall. So you throw away a particularly choice weed before it is half smoked, gulp down a "night-cap" instead of sipping it leisurely, and seize your candlestick. As you do so, your friend rubs his eyes, yawns immensely, brightens up, and declares that he feels quite refreshed and "game to sit up all night, my boy." If this tempting offer be put aside, he begs you to sit down "just for a minute or two, until we settle about to-morrow," a matter which requires "a full hour by Shrewsbury clock" for arrangement. Perhaps by this time your nascent drowsiness has given place to liveliness, and you would like to "taste the

barley bree" just once more. If so, depend upon it that your flabby friend will soon show himself "wrapped in sleep as it were a blanket," whereas, should you nod, he will, perhaps, either dance a hornpipe, or sing "We're all jolly good fellows." Even when you get him to bed, he cannot make up his mind to stay there. The wife of one of the tribe lately said that if any one wanted to find her husband during the night, he should be looked for anywhere but in his own bed. Sometimes he would get an apoplectic scare, and quarter himself in an armchair in one of the sitting-rooms. On other occasions, he has been known to seek refuge in a lumber-room, on account of some fancied impurity of air in his own apartment. Once he threw a mattress and pillows out of window, and passed the rest of the night snoozing on the lawn, for fear of heat asphyxia. As a matter of fact, the sole cause of these migrations in each instance was flabbiness of resolution in the matter of sleep. Whatever may be the tastes of a victim to this weakness, you will detect its influence in his every action. His stables witness a rapid succession of equine tenants; his garden undergoes so many alterations that, in spite of lavish outlay, there are few flowers to be seen; his trap rarely presents the same combination of colours for two years in succession; his children's nicknames are constantly changed; the fashion of his garments sets all rules at defiance; and in the middle of ardent nuptiality he often develops a saturnine moroseness. Yet, taking him on the whole, the flabby man is a sufficiently popular member of society, and greatly loved by his own household. There is such an amount of helpless good-nature about the poor fellow that it is impossible to help feeling a regard for him, in spite of his exasperating flabbiness.

HAROUN ALRASCHID

THE DOG DAYS

THERE are two classes of people in this world that can never by any possibility be reconciled. Their opinions are as opposite as the poles, and there can be no doubt about the matter, they are both exceedingly bigoted. These two classes of people are those who love dogs, and those who do not. For my part, I belong to the latter class, but I will endeavour to be an impartial judge, and for the time being to set aside any bigotry I may possess.

According to some people a dog is the perfection of animal nature, and possessed of every virtue that could be crammed into a body with four legs. He is faithful, trustworthy, will guard the house, fetch and carry, give master or mistress a hearty welcome, in short, show himself the friend of man; and he is as much petted as he is praised.

According to others, the dog's affection for man is all cupboard love, and he displays intense affection for the hand that feeds him and provides him with a home and opportunities for dislike to every one else, and for quarrelling, killing, and ravaging to his heart's content.

The former set up the dog as an object to worship, and inundate you with anecdotes of his cleverness and fidelity, quite forgetting his dirty habits, odorous skin, and necessity for constant applications of a thoroughly caustic soap. A visitor goes to their house, and the dog, big or little, flies out, barking sharply or baying; and the said visitor is immediately placed in a most uncomfortable position. Courtesy forbids his striking or kicking his assailant; if he turns and flees he looks absurd in his cowardice, and yet it takes a very strong-minded man, indeed, to receive unmoved the attack of the smallest dog, not on account of its bite, but from the contemplation of the untold horrors that may follow the merest puncture of the skin. For my part, with exceptions, I do not believe that the bite of any but a rabid dog will produce hydrophobia, but I do believe that the nervous and sensitive have suffered the most frightful attacks through their imagination running riot after a bite, even to dying from sheer dread; and with this to face, nothing can be more cruel than the contemptuous smile of the owner of some yapping, snarling pet, that rushes out at the first approach of feet, and the cool utterance of "Don't be afraid; he won't hurt you."

I have seen strong men turn pale at such times from mingled dread and anger; and taking man as a class there are very few who would not face the fiercest beast in preference to a snapping dog. All this is terribly wounding to a man's self-esteem, but while the fairest and gentlest of creatures follow the fashion of surrounding themselves with animals, any one of which may inflict an injury as fatal as that of the most venomous serpent's tooth, how can it be otherwise? And it is singular, too, this love of woman for a dog. Truth to tell, it most often becomes developed at a time when the probability of the love of a biped supervening has become distant; but when the dog love does set in it approaches insanity. Who that reads this cannot point to a dozen cases where a home is made almost uninhabitable by the presence of some canine pet—a worthless creature without a single redeeming quality—except that, when told, it will kiss its mistress, a process of dabbling its unpleasant wet nose against its owner's face, or making her hand a candidate for soap and water, by licking it with its quivering red rag of a tongue? In fact there are in existence sensible, sane men who go so far as to say that they cannot conceive how a woman, the embodiment of all that is delicate and sensitive in ideas, can foster so disgusting an animal as a dog.

Quite lately some one has been complaining that London affords so few facilities for keeping dogs, and that he was not allowed to send his favourite for a swim in one of the park ornamental waters. What can be more selfish than such a complaint? There are pieces of water round London that are unapproachable for this very reason: huge dogs being sent in, to come out dripping and drop-distributing, rushing about to the annoyance of well-dressed wayfarers, who are incommoded because some single person wishes to keep a dog. Then, too, in the suburbs some wretched chained-up beast in a back yard or garden will annoy a neighbourhood by his fits of baying—barking when so disposed, and sometimes howling the long night through. As good old Dr. Watts said of the bears and lions, "it is their nature to;" but it is an ill nature, an annoying nature, and extremely painful to all who hear. It is for protection, the keepers say. Burglaries are rife in the suburbs. If ever misguided individuals leaned upon a rotten reed, the rotten reed is that dog in the back yard, for your every day—I should say every night—burglar has means at his command for silencing the noisiest dog that ever barked—gentle means, too, and if these fail, those which are more stringent and harsh.

The noisy little dog that is let loose in passage and hall, or given the run of the house by night, may create an alarm by barking at the slightest noise in the silent watches of the night; but even here is not the remedy worse than the disease, and speaking with a middle-aged man's love of a good night's unopiate-engendered sleep, is not sound uninterrupted rest of more value than many spoons?

There is a class of individual much condemned, as a rule, and made of less value by thoughtless treatment, whose opinion on the value of a dog is well worth taking. This class by constant attention with a hard world, though often very uneducated, is full of sound common sense, and an excellent judge of human nature as a whole. The class I allude to is that of the domestic servant, who can judge dog nature as well as that of the biped they serve. There may be exceptions, but I never yet knew a servant who loved a petted dog. Of course the ordinary trained useful dog is excluded from this condemnation, which applies solely to the vitiated pet. John or Mary or Sarah Ann may preserve a smiling face full of duplicity towards the dog in presence of the mistress; but in the inner heart there lurks towards the pampered little beast a virulent hate which bursts forth at times in half drownings, the use of too much soap in the too hot water, unkindly digs with the comb that

arranges its hair, or, in the case of a yard dog, in surreptitious bangs with the long broom or the hard end of a mop. Servants do not like house dogs, and it would be a wonder if they did. Honour, then, to their common sense, for where there is one anecdote of a dog's goodness to be found, his impartial historian can find a thousand to place upon the debtor side.

Of course the world will go on having its follies, and the dog folly is one; but it never seems to occur to the person who pets a dog that he or she is inflicting torture where kindness alone is meant. For the poor beast is deprived of its natural love of action and the exercise it would enjoy in hunting for its food. It is mostly forced to take conventional vows of celibacy, and become a canine monk or nun, and in too many cases it is pampered with food until it becomes a weariness in dog-flesh, asthmatical, wheezy, and a butt for every unpleasant canine disease. Fortunately for the little creatures, the ill-treatment, as it is called, that they meet with from others acts as a counter-irritant, and saves their too useless lives, though it is questionable whether they would not be happier far away.

And all this against the faithful, trusty, affectionate dog, by one who sets out with the promise to be an impartial judge; but sums up from beginning to end dead against the subject being tried. And yet it is all true, though a too fond, in the sense of a foolish, section of feminine humanity will declare it to be a gross libel on what the sentimentally inclined call the true friend of man.

GEO. MANVILLE FENN

ROUND ABOUT RABY

"PROUD RABY'S BATTLED TOWERS" have been classic since the days of Scott; but there are many to whom they are but part of a line in a well-known poem. Yet Raby and its neighbourhood enclose some of the most typical English scenery, and alike in sylvan beauty, in a past prolific of memories, and in the interest that attaches to the "stately homes of England," the noblest castle of the North and its surroundings are specially attractive. At Raby the stately pile, built by the lordly Nevilles, has been restored and extended by the Vanes, and in it the Dukes of Cleveland have a noble mansion and a fertile domain. Dating back five centuries, the features of the old baronial fortress appear still in the castle of to-day: in the moat, still definable; in traces of portcullis; and in the great hall, with its arched roof and octagonal pillars. In the latter, Turner's picture of the Castle is hung; whilst there are in chapel, drawing-room, and baron's hall some long-renowned works of Teniers, Murillo, and others, and the famous statue of the Greek Slave. Not so much by its contents or its present magnificence as by its past associations is Raby famous. There kings and princes have feasted, from the ill-fated Charles to George the Fourth; there, two centuries ago, the sagacious Vanes ruled; and from thence for years have issued the fiat of the parties political in Durham. It was the Lord of Raby (then Lord Darlington), whose opposition to the first railway delayed sixty years ago for a Session or two the passing of the first Railway Act. And forty years ago the same nobleman, then Duke of Cleveland, and his successor, the second Duke, discountenanced and delayed for years the opening of a line to Barnard Castle. Hence, for good or for ill, the lords of this fair domain have been long puissant in the North. Leland describes Raby as "the largest castell of loggings in the North Countree," and it is worthy of that fame still. The embattled wall that surrounds it encloses two acres of land, and from the rising ground near this, or the deep embayed windows, there may be seen a glorious picture. Sloping slowly down, the green sward is dotted with the darker hues of clumps of trees, and at times the fawn colour of the herds of deer diversify the scene; whilst to the south the little town of Staindrop specks with its grey walls and red tiles the prospect, and the agricultural land southward to the wooded banks of the Tees bounds the horizon. Staindrop itself, with its decayed trade, is a memento of past importance, just as its church tells of the Nevilles, the Plantagenets, and the Vanes, whose dust it enshrines.

From the riverside at Winston far up is the scenery Scott made classic. A few miles up the stream is the little village of Wycliffe, claimed as the birthplace of the "morning star of the Reformation." Above it, again, is Mortham Tower, near which is the glade where "two mighty elms their limbs unite" on the tomb of Sir Ralph Bowes. Here is the junction of the Greta and the Tees which Scott has pictured when "the Greta flew to meet the Tees," and "Rokeby, though high, is seen no more;" here the precipice "hardy Bertram" scaled; here the "cavern straight and rude," where "Denzil and his desperate crew" rioted; and near it are Brignal Banks, which were "fresh and fair," and retain still their garlands that "would grace a summer queen," just as they did seventy years ago when the Wizard of the North visited the spot. Still higher we have "the rural brook of Eglitstone," with the ruined old Abbey, the scenery round which is now well known from the many paintings it has given birth to. A mile or so above Barnard Castle suns itself, rejoicing in its castle of the Balaio, from the tower of which that wonderful view photographed by Scott is visible, which in the west gives us "Stane-moore's shapeless swell," and Arkingarth, lying "dark afar," down by where the Tees mines a channelled way over "solid sheets and marble grey," to where the course is tracked by "summer vapours from the stream." With the bleak moors, with the wood-fringed banks, and with the varying panorama of sun and shade, of field green, or golden, or rich in purple fallow, with the streams, "silver Lume," "Deepdale's slender rill," and "fairly Thorsgill," there are few scenes in the north equal to that visible from "proud Barnard's battered walls." Nor are the attractions of Barnard Castle confined to the past. Its restored church invites a glance; some of the other places of worship are architectural gems, and in the noble Bowes Museum, now filling with gems of art, there is one of the most costly gifts that private beneficence has yet presented to a provincial town.

From the town up towards the village of Cotherstone is Marwood Chase, with its walks and glades, its caves and springs, sending out for miles its leafy avenues; whilst on the Yorkshire side Deepdale's slender rill may be followed from the Tees to the rocks near the Viaduct. Further afield, Bowes has its memories of Roman camp and Norman castle, of the grave of the two lovers whose tale Mallet has told in "Edwin and Emma," and a later literary reminiscence of which it is not so proud—the original of Dotheboys' Hall.

If the Tees be followed up instead of this divergence, there is the glorious junction with the Balder, and still higher "Lunedale wild," with its grand moors and shooting boxes. On the Durham side of the river there is the romantic little lead-mining town of Middleton-in-Teesdale. A few miles higher, amid plantations of larch, yew, and ash, is the High Force, where the river pours with a tremendous descent over seventy feet, and the scene, with the woods behind, the dark basaltic rocks in front, and the torrent white with foam pouring over with a tremendous roar, is the most striking that the Northern rivers present. Half-a-dozen miles higher the river after a dreary level churns itself into a dashing devious stream over the cataract called the Caldron Snout. Beyond this dreary loneliness of moors and chasms, interlaced with brooks, stretches by the side of Mickel Fell far across, and not till Appleby is near, and the fat Eden valley is at hand, is there much of the sign of habitation or of cultivated land. Thus, if to the east Raby has tameness in scenery as the populous places draw near, and if to the north there is the Coal Country, not only is there a belt of fair land around it, but there is to the south a land of romance and of old associations, and far to the west some of the finest scenery, in growing grandeur, that the north owns.

J. W. S.

OUR WANING SENSES

CONCLUSIONS of modern science are not always palatable. We shiver and feel a slight hatred at spectrum analysis when we are told that the Dog Star, the brightest of all the star-suns that twinkle in the sky, has receded from us some one or two millions of miles every new night we get out to look at it. By slow degrees, but sure, all the glory of Sirius will be lost. Our coal is a limited quantity. The friction of the tides, acting like a great belt, is retarding the earth's diurnal motion, and gradually giving us longer days and longer nights. How will posterity fare with less coal and more protracted nights? We feel still more huffed at the limitation of our faculties when we are informed that our sense of smell is weaker than it was when our ancestors roamed wild in the woods, and that the Red Indian so far transcends us that he is enabled, by the keenness of his scent, to discover outside a tent whether a white, black, or red man be denizen within. Far more respectable and successful citizens than are generally suspected have either never had any sense of smell, or have lost it through some cold, fever, or other ailment. Every time a man speaks he reveals his acquirements in grammar or pronunciation, but every time a man breathes he can keep to himself the secret of whether he is an expert or a dunce in the detection of odour. In the competition for the great prizes of life this sense is ignored. On the question of wages it is no element whatever. Men have been acquainted for years without being aware that some of them never knew when "the scent of the spices was wafted abroad, and the musk of the roses blown." The weapon that is not needed is sure to rust. The implement that helps us so feebly, if it helps us at all, to wealth and honour is sure to be lightly cared for. The writer of a nation's songs has been proclaimed as an influence greater than the lawgiver, and it has been surmised that the songs that celebrate the praises of black and blue-eyed beauties have had a hand in helping to multiply the beautiful black or blue-eyed race, by turning all hearts in pursuit of partners with pairs of such glorious gems. But the high Muse of Chivalry and the Court of Venus have been strangely silent regarding the central feature whose nerves inform us of the delightful secret, unrevealed by all the other senses, which dances through the hawthorn's blossoms or breathes from forth the lily's cup.

Beautiful is the ear that hears, and so it has been adorned alike by matron and by maid. Nose-rings are left to those savages whose noses serve them better than ours. And yet what a private and peculiar loss is the loss of this same sense of smell! The perfume of the pine forests and the green meadows reaches, far out at sea, the emigrant tossed for weeks on the billows, like angels' breath. The law of association of ideas is more vividly illustrated by reference to this sense than any other. The fragrance of the summer woods recalls the forgotten picnic. A smell of orange-peel will shake the visionary ringlets once more over the school-girl whom we placated with the golden fruit in the old-fashioned days, when men in white satin hats and buff gaiters were accustomed to open and send round the merry box with snuff black, brown, or grey, preferring, for the sake of artificial gratification, to help on the ruin of the very sense whose praises it requires some poet yet to sing.

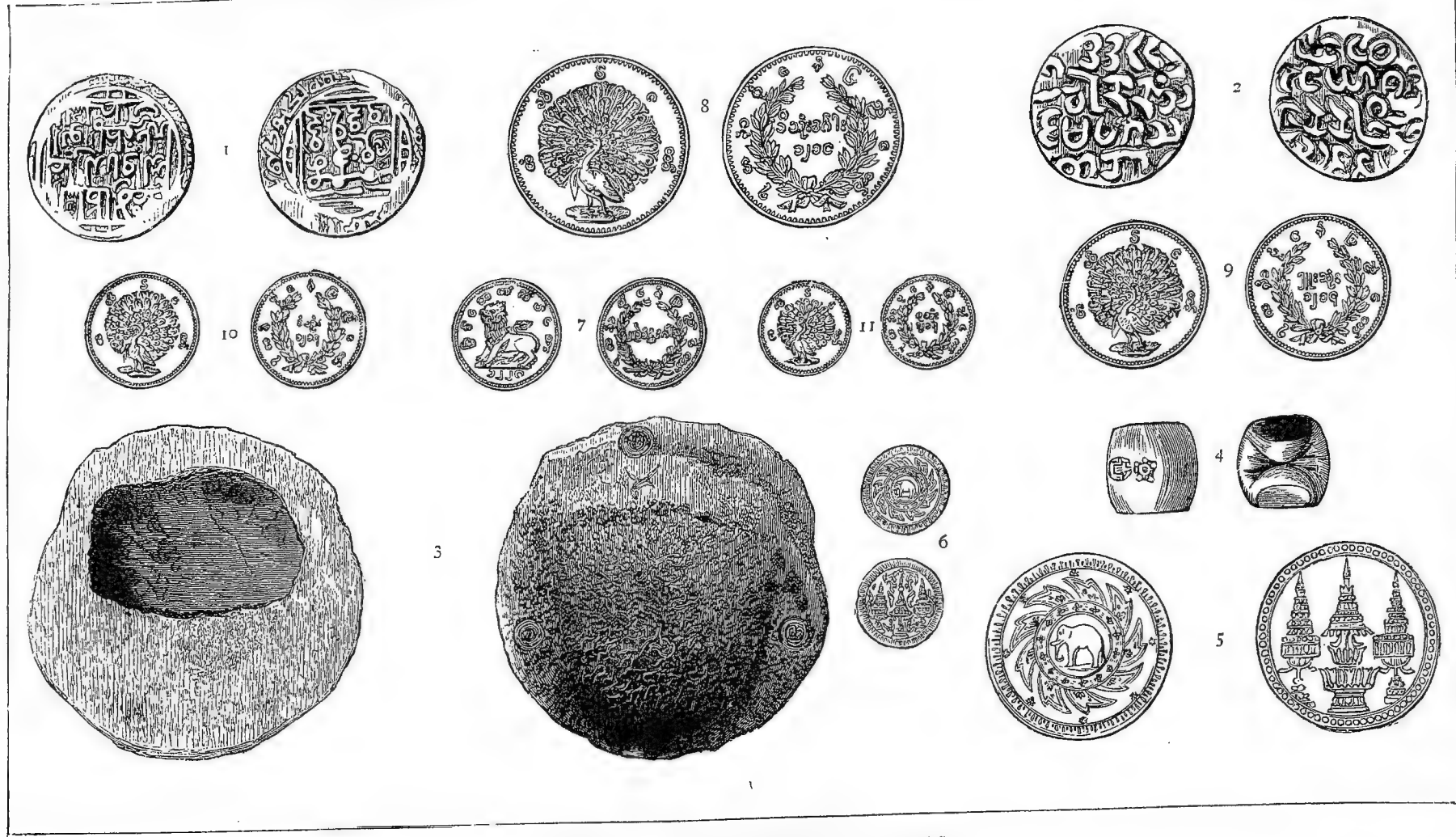
But are we getting more acute in the other senses, while showing the world that we can thrive and prevail without this? Professor Clifford lately astonished us by proclaiming that the external ear was of no use whatever. The muscles which once drew it up like a horn have, it seems, suffered atrophy through disuse. While our watchdog on the hearth pricks up his ears and rises challenging a footfall unheard by us, we are sorely tempted to exclaim that our hearing has gone to the dogs. Few there are who can distinguish, when within doors, from the sound of a carriage passing close to the house, the direction in which the vehicle is proceeding. Others, who converse easily enough, are unable to recognise the chirp of the grasshopper, or the thin quick shriek of the bat. In short there are ears as there are eyes, with very different range. The horse, which knows better than its rider to keep the road in a very dark night, is thought to do so from the quickness of its ear, making it aware of the proximity of the hedge or other boundaries from the slightest rustle of leaf or sedge. Astronomers try to calculate how many thousands of miles distant we should require to stand to hear the first whisper of the awful noises which must be produced by the whirlwinds and whirlpools of the sun. It is humiliating to think of the correction in the calculation that would require to be made for the distance at which some savages and animals would hear it. In the midst of these distressing comparisons one almost feels consoled that Sir John Lubbock has not succeeded to get ants to hear through the telephone. There can be little doubt that when man was apt to be the prey of wild beasts, or at uncertain intervals to be swooped upon by marauding clans, acute ears would be of more importance than in these peaceable times.

Lastly, we are sure that we are not losing acuteness of vision? Purbled Samuel Johnson, Mr. Carlyle tells us, was a true king of men. How different from the Argus-eyed, lynx-eyed heroes of antiquity! The Jewish law-giver's eye was undimmed with all his weight of years. German and other students, it is said, are mostly growing short-sighted, and require, at earlier and earlier ages, the assistance of spectacles. The shepherds and pilots of patriarchal times had need of far-seeing eyes, but now they have field and opera glasses. Tradesmen who make a living without requiring to look far before them multiply with advancing civilisation. A percentage of men have only one good eye, and with the other cannot separate the stars in the Pleiades. A lady with an artificial eye is led to the matrimonial altar through admiration of her intellect or social position. A one-eyed prehistoric maid, in the days when our forefathers were rough and ready, living more from hand to mouth, would be treated more after the manner of Sparta and less after the manner of chivalry.

J. S.

AN INTERESTING RELIC OF THE FIRST BRITISH CAMPAIGN IN AFGHANISTAN is now in the possession of an officer belonging to one of the Beloochee regiments. It is an old cavalry sabre of the finest temper, with the Royal arms and monogram "G. R." on one side, and the name "Ensign Terrington" engraved on the other, and was captured in single combat by a native officer at the battle of Candahar. The sword had belonged to the father of the Afghan from whom it was recently taken, and was the spoil of one of the conflicts in the first Afghan war.

FORTUNE BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND, whose inhabitants have just put Great Britain to an expense of 15,000*l.* for damages for an "outrage" on American fishermen, is a most picturesque spot, abounding in grand and varied scenery, teeming with fish and game, and, according to the *New York Herald*, is a paradise alike for the invalid, the artist, and the sportsman. The actual Bay is about forty miles across; but it is indented by so many deep inlets—including Long Harbour, the scene of the "outrage"—that hundreds of miles of coast are washed by the waters. Owing to its shallow water and sheltered position, the Bay is crowded by herrings in spring and winter; and cod, salmon, turbot, and lobster also abound. The people are wretchedly poor, and depend entirely on the fisheries, the men fishing in open boats for the whole day during the severest weather, while during the busy time of year the women are similarly occupied. Many of the inhabitants live by providing bait for the French cod-fishers from the neighbouring islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon; and on April 17, when the first bait (herring) is permitted to be caught, most exciting races take place to the French banks. Lobster-packing is also an important industry. Little attention is paid to agriculture; but though in some places the ground is sterile and rugged, as a rule it is highly fertile and productive. The population is estimated at 8,000.



BURMESE AND SIAMESE COINS

SIAMESE AND BURMESE COINS

OUR engravings represent a few specimens of the style of coins which were used and still pass as currency in the eastern borders of our Indian empire. Fig. 1 is a silver coin of Gherās-Ed-din Balban, King of Bhotan, who reigned from A.D. 1266 to 1286. The piece was probably struck at Delhi. Fig. 2 is a silver coin of Aracan, struck probably about the middle of the 13th century, but the workmanship is so rude that but few of the characters can be deciphered. Fig. 3. Silver Tekal, current on the borders of Burmah, Siam, and Annam. This specimen has been cast in an oyster-shell. The date stamped near the edge is illegible. Fig. 4 is a newer and more general form of Tekal. It is made by doubling up a piece of silver rod, and stamping it with a date. This specimen is dated 1824. Fig. 5 and 6 show the modern type of coinage now in use in Siam. The former is called Sung seling, or rupee, and the latter Sung pai, or 2 anna piece, date of emission 1860 and 1863 respectively. Fig. 7, Chenthay or lion, gold coin of native manufacture. Figs. 8, 9, 10, 11: 8 rupee, 9 half-rupee, 10 quarter rupee, 11 2 annas, struck by Wallace, of Birmingham, about 1863.—These five specimens are the only gold and silver coins now circulating in Burmah. Hindoostanee pice, or pies, are used for the copper currency. These coins are engraved from specimens in the collection of Mr. W. Dawson, Almora House, The Mall, Chiswick.

SONEPORE RACES

SONEPORE, at the confluence of the Gunduck and Ganges, one of the sacred places of the Hindus, is the scene of a great bathing festival at a particular phase of the moon which ushers in the cold season of Bengal. With it is associated a great *mela*, or fair, for the sale of elephants, horses, &c., and these together draw crowds from

all parts of India. To this combination of religion and business the sport-loving Briton adds pleasure, for it is the occasion also of one of the great established annual race-meetings of India, when there is a *reunion* of nearly the whole of the European society of Behar, and a week of holiday camp life, of hospitality, and jollification. A vast *topi*, or grove, that borders the race-course, gives ample shade to a series of camps that stretch over a mile in length—a regularly laid-out canvas town, divided in two by a long wide street. The tents of each camp cluster round a *sheumaria*, or pavilion tent, fitted up as a drawing-room, and serving as ante-room to a huge mess-tent, where there is continual feasting, and from whence is heard the frequent popping of champagne corks. There are four mornings' racing, which is usually very good, good horses from well-known Indian racing stables competing for the valuable cups given by the Maharajahs of Durbhunga, Bettiah, Hutwa, and Doomraon, the principle noblemen and landowners of Behar, and the stakes are valuable also. The afternoons are given up to riding and driving, and to polo, which is nowhere played better than by the planters of Tirhoot, while lawn tennis is very much *en vogue* in every camp all day long, for ladies "here in India" are most enthusiastic players, and can hold their own against all comers. First-rate play is shown by them at the lawn-tennis tournaments that are occasionally got up. Lotteries—held in the evenings—precede each day's races, and every alternate night there is a ball, when dancing is kept up with great spirit till daylight. Young ladies muster in great force at the Sonepore Meets, and the ball-room is usually crowded. The music at the last meet was supplied by the excellent band of H.M. 70th Regiment from Dinapore, and by the private band of the Maharajah of Durbhunga.

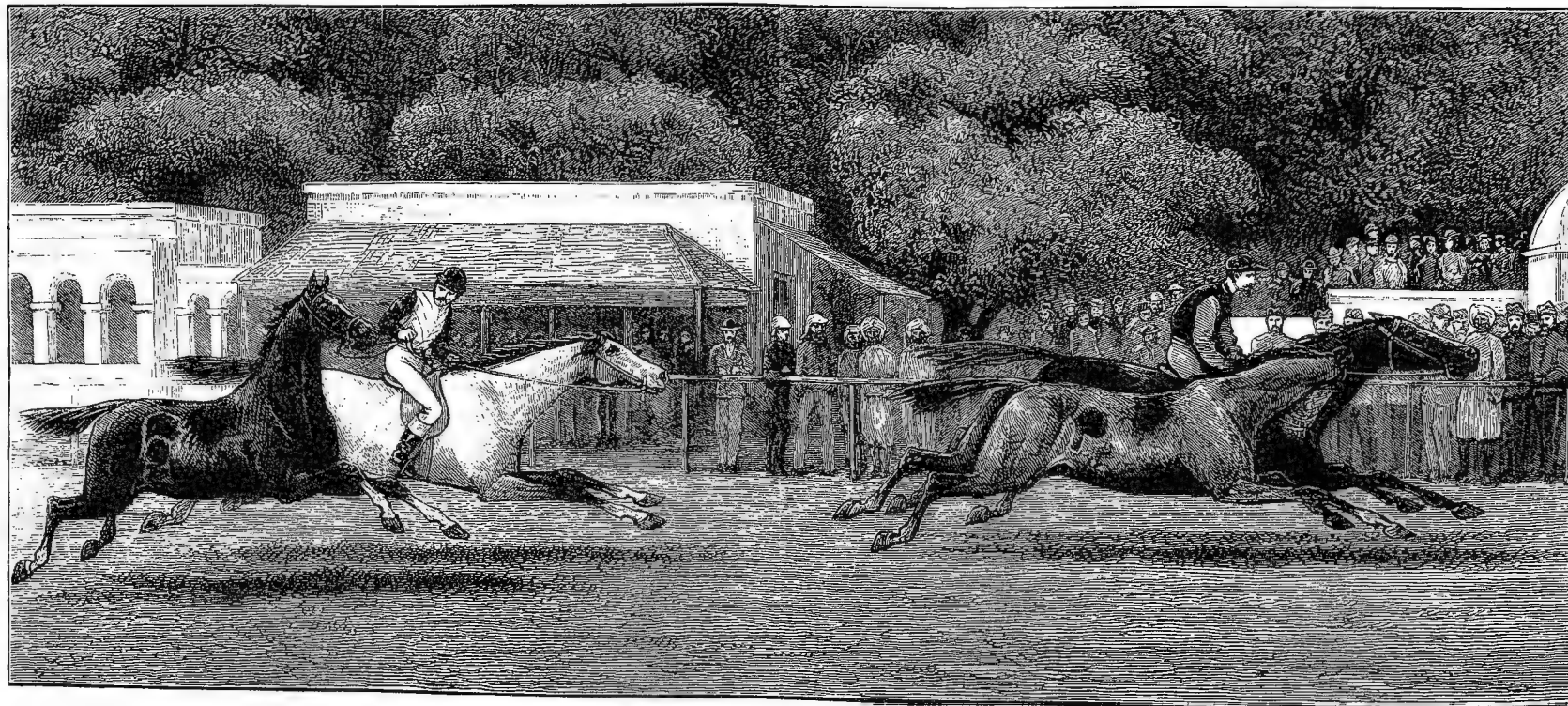
The last meet, held 10th to 18th November, was very well attended. The camps were unusually large. In one alone there were over forty ladies and gentlemen, all guests of the Maharajah of Dur-

bhunga, a liberal and enlightened nobleman, fond of sport of all kinds, whose four-in-hand, with its splendid team, is as well-known in Calcutta as at Sonepore.

The sketch represents a postillion race, the last on the card.

FROM BERMUDA TO THE CAPE

THESE sketches were made on board H.M.S. *Orontes* while on passage to the Cape with the 99th Regiment. "Land on the Port Bow." During the day a "look-out" man is always kept on the fore cross-trees to give warning of an approaching sail or land. "The Poor Gees," as the horses are called on board a transport ship, had a rough time of it, though fortunately they were ultimately landed safely in Table Bay. Sentries equipped, as in the sketch of "What are you about?" are variously posted in order to maintain discipline amongst the troops, and are visited at intervals during the night and day by an officer. "Seven Days' No. 10 A," is one of the many Admiralty punishments. During meal and smoking hours the culprit has to stand on the quarter deck, losing his smoke and grog. "The Girl He Left Behind Him" is evidently an old hand, for she has—as our naval friends would say—"shackled on" to the next corner ere the troopship is out of sight, while he, poor fellow, has but recently "taken the shilling and enlisted in Cupid's army." "The Funeral at Sea" took place on the 25th of March, the Royal Marines formed the guard and firing party, and the ceremony was most impressive. Soldiers on board a transport ship are always kept employed, and amongst other things are utilised to "hold" and "reel in" the log line. Most of the other sketches explain themselves. The *Orontes* left Bermuda on the 10th of March, with the 99th Regiment and the late crew of H.M.S. *Griffin*, arrived in Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, on the 6th of April, and found the war in the Transvaal over.



SPORT IN INDIA—A POSTILLION RACE AT SONEPORE

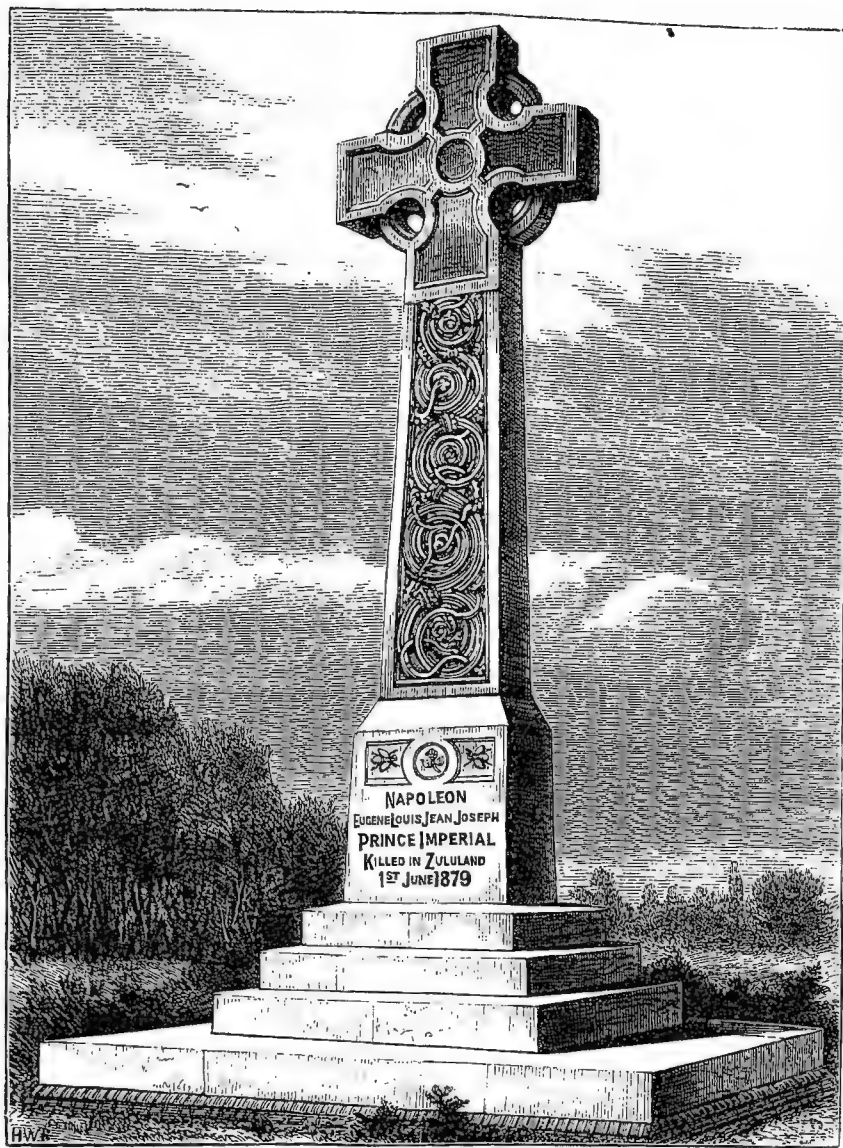
MONUMENT TO THE PRINCE IMPERIAL AT CHISELHURST

Of all the stations on that picturesque line, the South-Eastern, Chiselhurst is one of the most picturesque. Even when only seen from the railway, while the train is stopping, the spectator's eyes are attracted by the cheerful red villas embosomed in foliage, and the undulating landscape which spreads around. But to appreciate the beauties of Chiselhurst more thoroughly the traveller must disembark, and by the time he has mounted up to the wide breezy common, he will be prepared to assert that there is no more fascinating spot within the same radius from London.

We saw the Common to perfection on a lovely evening during the early days of June. The sun was setting in the north-west, shining out with a glorious effulgence amid a mass of thunderous clouds which occupied nearly half the sky, while the remainder was exchanging its pale blue tint for a rosy blush. The freshness of spring was still in the air, and the yellow blossom of the gorse was still unfaded. Then, for the first time, we saw a monument, a Runic cross, rising amid the bushes which bounded the horizon, and we at once remembered that Chiselhurst was not only one of the prettiest of our suburban retreats, but also possesses a strong historical interest. The persons who created that interest are there no longer: the Empress has quitted Camden Place, while the mortal remains of the Emperor and of his only child, the Prince Imperial, lie in the mortuary chapel attached to St. Mary's Catholic Church at Chiselhurst.

Only two years have elapsed since the Prince fell in Zululand. The event created much stir at the time; great sympathy was felt for the doubly-bereaved mother; and the future of France, and therefore of Europe, was visibly affected. Yet nowadays we travel so fast, that the incident has become to most of us as ancient history, and it is well we should be reminded of the tragical fate of a youth who was once the heir of France by the monument which has lately been erected on Chiselhurst Common.

It is, as before said, in the form of a Runic cross, made of grey granite, 27 feet high, resting on a solid base approached by steps, and beautifully carved and ornamented. On the front is the following inscription: "Napoléon Eugène Louis Jean Joseph, Prince Imperial, born in Paris March 16th, 1856; killed by the enemy in Zululand June 1st, 1879." An extract from the will of the late Prince will hereafter be inscribed on the back of the memorial: "I shall die with a feeling of profound gratitude to Her Majesty the Queen of England and to all the Royal Family, and to the country where I have received during eight years such cordial hospitality." The granite is from the quarries of Messrs. Shearer, Field, and Co., of Cornwall, who have executed the work from the design of Mr. E. R. Robson, F.S.A., Architect.



MEMORIAL TO THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL AT CHISELHURST

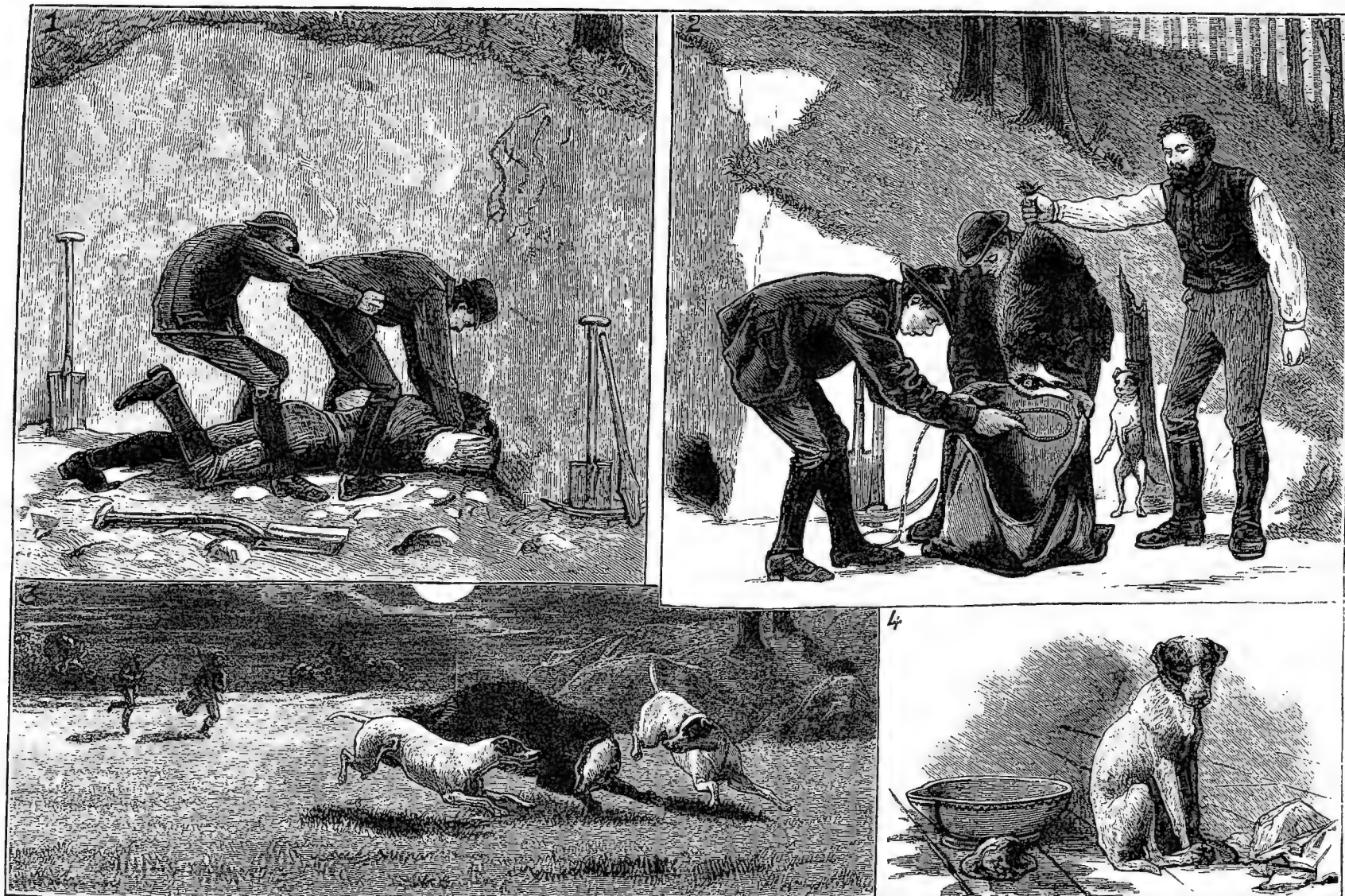
BADGER-HUNTING IN DORSETSHIRE

As very few people have ever seen a live badger, it may be interesting to give some account both of the habits of the animal and of several of the ways in which it is caught. It only comes abroad at night, and therefore is never seen in the daytime, unless it has been stopped out of its earth. In many parts of England it is extinct, but in the wilder and more hilly districts it still abounds. It will eat almost anything; but its food chiefly consists of young rabbits, beetles, roots, and corn when ripe. It is very destructive to game, especially in the spring, when its fine scent enables it to find partridge and pheasants' nests; these it robs unmercifully (or at least such is the popular belief of all gamekeepers, who do their best to destroy and catch every badger in their neighbourhood). Of all wild animals it is the most difficult to trap; indeed, it is useless to attempt to do so, unless the run of the animal crosses some stream, when the trap is set under water. Traps have been set at the mouth of an earth for three weeks, and though they were thrown every night (probably by the animal rolling on them), they failed to take.

Badgers are killed or captured in three other ways, namely, by shooting on moonlight nights from a tree; by putting bag nets in their earths, and running them in at night with well-trained dogs; and by digging them out. These are all represented in our illustrations.

"Digging out" is a long business. The earths are usually on the sides of very steep hills, and an immense hole has to be dug, so that the soil thrown out forms a sort of plateau. A terrier is sent into the hole; the dog finds the badger, and by his barking directs the men where to dig; for perhaps two or three main holes from the outside lead into a number of branch holes which extend in different directions. There are very few terriers who have pluck enough to thoroughly search an earth. A good terrier will, however, face a badger in his hole, and keep him occupied, and so prevent his burrowing ahead, or the men would never dig up to him. After perhaps four or five hours' digging they are close upon him, and the keeper lies down and reaches to his utmost into the hole to get hold of his tail; but who can pull hardest? the badger or the keeper, with two men to hold on to him?

Our illustration shows their successful "dig," for the keeper is holding the badger by the tail, whilst one of his men is trying the risky office of putting a rope round his body, and the other holds a bag ready to put him in. "Jack" shows his joy by screams of fury at seeing his enemy above ground and being prevented going at him, though to judge from his appearance in No. 4, when the excitement is over, he has already had as much as is good for him. At length the capture is made, and the badger is carried off to the keeper's house, where exultant cries of "Caught 'un at last, then!" greet the men's appearance.



1. Keeper & Badger: Which Can Pull the Hardest?—2. Dug Out! Take Care He Doesn't Bite.—3. Running the Badger in by Moonlight.—4. "Jack" Has His Home Comforts and a Wash.



"MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ" (Blackwood) is always fresh—always delightful; but she has never been fresher, never more delightful, than in Mrs. Richmond Ritchie's hands in the new volume of the "Foreign Classics" series. The old noblesse at its best is here set forth in the person of its most lovable representative. One forgets the misery, the risings in Brittany, the hangings of the Rennes bourgeois "to teach respect for governors and governesses," as one reads of the life at Les Roches—now placid as a sweet dream, now full of quaint movement—visits of oddities like Mdlles. de Kerbone and de Kergueison, surprise collations to crowds of morning callers, grand dinners and balls with Governor de Chaulnes and his wife; just as one forgets the hollowness of that Paris society, the desperate extravagance of the Grignans, the weakness with which Madame de Sévigné herself allowed her granddaughters to be put into convents, that their dowries might help to keep up her daughter's fine establishment, in the real devotion to that daughter which breathes through every sentence of her letters. One feels, moreover, that society then was, after all, less hollow than people fancy; there was real friendship, real affection—above all, there was the power of forgiving. Madame de Sévigné and Bussy de Rabutin forgave one another in the most exemplary way; and Madame de Miramion forgave Bussy for an attempt at abduction as bad as those of which Mr. Froude makes so much in his "English in Ireland." Glitter and sterling worth, frivolity and depth of character, worldliness and real piety, were then at least not incompatible. The tears for Turenne were heartfelt, though they were not dry before Louis's eight new generals had been nicknamed "Change for Turenne." From beginning to end, the book is what we might expect from the author of "Old Kensington." To many of us the great letter-writer has been little more than a name; henceforth, for readers of the "Foreign Classics," she cannot fail to be a most pleasing reality.

All these series, the multiplication of which is such a feature of our literature, have their good points, and "The New Plutarch" undoubtedly ranks among the best of them. Professor Palmer's "Haroun Alraschid" will become a standard work; and Professor Beesly's "Sir John Franklin" (Marcus Ward: London and Belfast) is the exhaustive record of a heroic and deeply interesting life, the facts about which have hitherto been little accessible to the mass of readers. Mr. Beesly writes enthusiastically, and his enthusiasm is contagious. Few who begin this book will be able to lay it down till they have tracked the signal-middy at Trafalgar on to the sad ending in 1847. To Lady Franklin's dauntless determination is no doubt largely due the feeling for her husband as distinguished from all other Polar explorers; yet his own character counts for much. From first to last his was a life of failures; but they were failures which made him famous. "An indefatigable worker, absolutely loyal to his friends, and wholly free from the petty jealousies of small men, he was so tolerant that he won the affections of men who had over and over again abused his confidence." We know no more thrilling narrative than that of the march from Point Turnagain to Fort Enterprise, at every step of which comes out the self-denying courage of the leader. Mr. Beesly's maps are a great help, and set clearly before us (a point he duly insists on) the large debt which Polar geography owes to Franklin's efforts. His first expedition began in 1819, when even the discoveries of Baffin had come to be marked on the maps as doubtful. Of Franklin's Governorship of Tasmania, which raised such hopes in Dr. Arnold, but which ended in disappointment owing to disputes with the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Beesly tells us enough to make it seem a matter of course that the Tasmanians should have accompanied him to the ship with acclamations and blessings. The book is one of the best of an excellent series.

We have more on our shoulders than keeping up the due amount of timber in the United Kingdom. Forest conservancy in India is a great work; even in Canada the supply of wood is not inexhaustible; and in South Africa and Australasia, if the bush is recklessly destroyed, mischief will follow. A more thorough book on the best way to raise new and manage existing plantations can hardly be imagined than Mr. J. Grigor's "Arboriculture" (Edinburgh: Oliphant and Co.). Mr. Grigor is a practical man; he points with pride to his large Highland plantations of forty years' growth, and yielding, he says, an income equal to that of the finest arable land in the country, and this on soil previously not worth a shilling an acre. This is worth thinking of, now that farms are being thrown on landlords' hands, while enthusiasts are crying out for the enforced tillage of wastes. What Mr. Grigor says about the profitable extension of our woods and forests should convince the most sceptical that a great deal of land which will never pay in corn or pasture will, if well managed, bring in a good revenue as forest. He not only treats of every kind of soil in reference to its fitness for carrying timber, but he also deals thoroughly with almost every tree and its peculiarities. Every chapter is full of interesting facts, such as the white poplar suffering from the potato blight. The style is grandiose, after the fashion of North British writers; of a group of poplars we are told "it often adds greatness and dignity to the scene;" a stone and timber dyke "spreads a mild and mollifying calm." Mr. Grigor is also very particular in regard to titles. Unlike the old Blenheim housekeeper who used with pompous irreverence to talk about "John Duke," he speaks in full of "His Grace Francis Duke of Bedford." Trifles like these only enliven a sterling book, which we are glad to see has reached a second edition.

Mr. Symington's two small volumes on "William Wordsworth" (Blackie) will be a boon to all students of the great Lake poet. It forms part of the "men of light and leading" series; and no doubt Wordsworth is such a man, whatever may be said of Tom Moore and Samuel Lover. At the same time he is less read than any great poet except perhaps Milton, and a good deal of him may, in these busy days, well be left unread. No one better bears skipping or is a fitter subject for "elegant extracts." Hence the value of Mr. Symington's work. He points out what Wordsworth did—how he brought poetical diction back to Nature and vindicated for poetry that ethical value which many nowadays deny it; and he proves what he claims for his author by picking out the gems, and setting them in a chainwork of judicious remarks and explanations. They are not all true gems, and some of the truest are flawed; but, though few of them will "on the stretched forefinger of all time sparkle for ever," the reader to whom Sonnets and Excursion, as a whole, are somewhat appalling, will be grateful for Mr. Symington's help, in adding other choice passages to those universal favourites not to know and love which argues a lack of necessary culture. The volumes also contain a full life of the poet, showing the circumstances under which each poem was written, and how it was received by that Mutual Admiration Society which was destined to work such a change not only in English poetry but in English thought. Mr. Symington has gone through all the Wordsworth literature, and is careful as well as enthusiastic; hence we conclude that St. Goë, the scene of the poem on "A Jewish Family," is a printer's error.

It is a pleasure to see ourselves as others see us when they look at us so kindly as Mr. Richard Grant White looks at "England, Without and Within" (Sampson Low). He went thoroughly over

a good part of the country, now supping with peasants, now staying at grand country-houses; and he was delighted with almost everything that he saw and heard—delighted above all that he did not find "one of those surly grumpy Englishmen, of whom we hear so much." Unlike Nathaniel Hawthorne, he did not find English people a bit more "bulbous" than Americans; and he strongly combats the notion of any falling-off in physique among the English in the New World. Eton boys disappointed him, "a lather lot of young fellows" he never saw, not one of them robust. At Balliol he lunched with three undergraduates, and thinks "it would have been impossible to find any difference between them and three Harvard men of like social position,"—a compliment of which we hope Oxford will be duly sensible. A debate at the Union delights him. He calls the President the Speaker, and says men who live out of lodgings are called "oppidans;" but he marvels at Young England's readiness in debate. At Cambridge he commends the Bull Inn, so unlike any American hotel; and the comfortable half-filled with half-cooked, half cold, and wholly soggy food of half-a-dozen kinds which does duty for that meal in his own country. He is justly severe on the filthy Cam; and he thinks clapping and shingle houses healthier, though far uglier, than English cottages. If our cider is bad, "Audit" ale is glorious; if no egg is to be had at breakfast at a nobleman's house, there are at least no "cuspidores;" if he sees more bowie knives in London shop-windows than he had seen all his life in New York, he hears "Thank you" a thousand times as often as at home. He praises our gardens, our roads, our ploughing, and the dress of our men—everything almost on which we pride ourselves; and he defines England as "the country in which every man has rights which every other man is bound to respect," whereas, in America, "every man and, above all, every 'ring,' is free to get gain by the annoyance of others;" which view of things argues an ignorance of Ruskin and of the state of the rivers, &c., in our manufacturing districts. His strangest experience is that many of his male friends wore three or four big jewelled rings, and that one of them (a peer) ran his hand half-way up his trousers to scratch his leg while talking to a lady after dinner." But this only adds flavour to a delightful book.

Another American, Mr. C. F. Richardson, tells us in "The Choice of Books" (Sampson Low) how, when, and what to read, giving, in a list of thirty-three great writers, eight Americans and not a single Frenchman. We like his book, not only for the quotations, some of which are valuable, but for his own remarks on the art of skipping, the use of newspapers and translations, the growing need of eschewing unwholesome books, and the perversity of "jelly-bag" readers who retain only the dirt and refuse. It is well to be reminded how few of us really care for literature; we have read our books, perhaps; but we do not read them. The devoted wife who went through "Paradise Lost," and other great works, to her husband while he was shaving, is rare in either hemisphere. Mr. Richardson pleads for small public libraries; every place, he thinks, ought to have as many books as inhabitants, and the reading should be up and not down, though readers in public libraries are hard to persuade on this point. On reading aloud, which used to be taught in America, but is now there, as it is here, an almost forgotten art, he has some good remarks. We heartily commend his dainty little volume, with its vellum-like cover, rubricated title, Fonthill edging, and "delicious" type.

In "Volcanoes" (Kegan Paul), the new volume of the International Scientific Series, Mr. J. W. Judd proves that every word of the old definition: "A volcano is a burning mountain vomiting smoke and flames" is wrong and misleading. A pupil of Mr. Poulett-Scrope, the great authority on the subject fifty years ago, he combines long experience with the newest light, and the result is one of the most readable volumes in the series. Mr. Judd says a good deal about the volcanoes of the miocene and other geological epochs, including those in North-Eastern Ireland and Western Scotland, and the vast tract once actively volcanic in West Greenland. That the sub-tropical flora of the Arctic coalbeds was due to these volcanoes is more than probable; and Mr. Judd thinks the time not far off "when we shall draw extensively on the supplies of subterranean heat." Whether such "tapping" will seriously shorten the existence of life on our planet is a question for posterity. Mine explosions, like eruptions, seem due to diminished pressure; if so, there is surely no excuse for not being on our guard against them. On the presence of water in lava, on aerolites, on Saturn's rings—a belt of asteroids—and on other unusual topics, Mr. Judd is scarcely more interesting than he is on every page of his admirable book.

Mr. Louis Fagan has rightly judged that the "Letters of Prosper Mérimée to Panizzi" (Remington) are worth preserving. Mérimée's touch is firm though light, and he handles almost every topic of public interest during the last twelve years of the Empire. Moreover, in spite of his pronounced anti-clerical views, he was on very intimate terms with the Empress, and thought himself entitled to give advice in a way that is somewhat startling. The charm of the letters is their almost cynical frankness. Thus, in 1861 we read: "My host at Biarritz begins to realise that the bevy of fools by whom he is surrounded have done all sorts of stupid things; more than this, there are always serious differences of opinion between the host and hostess." "Caesar's" inscrutableness is a constant theme; we now know that, though a riddle to his own statesmen, he was seen through by Bismarck. Nine years later Mérimée says: "Accuse us of folly, cowardice, what you will; but do not believe that silly nonsense about Belgium." Like many of his countrymen, he thought that England, despite her lack of prestige, might have prevented the war; for which he soon saw that France was utterly unprepared. When the crash came he was in Paris, and noted the admirable bearing of the Empress, for whom he recommended, not England, but "the Far West, or a quiet place on the Adriatic." Of the Emperor he believed "he can't possibly return alive, and he is meeting death halfway." The last letter but one contains the news of Sedan, with the addition that MacMahon has died of his wounds. Every student of the history of the Second Empire will be thankful for these amusing volumes, in which, amid banter and persiflage, and a thorough gourmet's appreciation of eating and drinking, and entreaties that a dress suit, delayed at Poole's, may be sent off post-haste, come in weighty criticism on public affairs and sober forecasts of the political weather. The upshot of the Infallibility dogma he felt would be the separation of Church and State, with the result (true of all Churches) that "the aristocratic abbé will make plenty of money and the village priest will starve, while it will very probably be necessary to increase the police." He could not understand our enthusiasm for Garibaldi, holding that "there are not many degrees between theoretical Liberals and those who murder in the name of Liberal ideas." Of Ireland he says: "I do not believe in any reconciliation between her and England. She will be to all eternity like an ill-conditioned wife who cannot be divorced, or a second Poland without England having the means at her command of which the Russians make use." Mr. Fagan has prefaced his volumes with a brief life of Mérimée; the translation, he tells us, is by Mr. H. M. Dunstan, and on the whole it admirably reproduces the sparkling style of *le gentleman auteur*. One thing needs alteration; the French managed for centuries to get Trier called Trèves, and Mainz Mayence, and so on, but Mr. Dunstan is wrong in writing Damas where we islanders keep to Damascus.

So many people know nothing about the grounds of revision, or the principles on which the revisers acted, that Dr. A. Roberts's "Companion to the Revised Version of the English New Testament"

(Cassell), is a very timely little work. Dr. Roberts, himself a "reviser," points out how the multitude of various readings is our best hope of being able to get at the original text. Where there is only one MS. of an ancient author, it is impossible to correct the errors inevitable in all copyists' work. In this view the 1,760 MSS. of the New Testament are a great safeguard. The best of these MS.—the Vatican, dating at least from the fourth century, our own Alexandrian, more complete, but a century later, &c.—are briefly described, as well as the earliest versions and printed editions. Our authorised version follows Beza's edition, which is based on Stephens's, as his is on that of Erasmus; and its faithfulness to the Greek may be judged from the fact that in many places (notably in the Apocalypse), Erasmus had no Greek at all, but filled up the gaps by turning the Vulgate into Greek. No wonder many of the changes in the Revised Version are necessitated by a restoration of the text. Many others are due to the habit of King James's translators (justified in their preface) of not always rendering the same Greek by the same English word. Some of us think that the revisers have occasionally been over-scrupulous in this; but, no doubt (as Dr. Roberts says) in parallel passages and in quotations from the Old Testament there should be the strictest identity of translation. Dr. Roberts comforts the orthodox with the assurance that not one of the alterations impugns any doctrine, and that by several of them important doctrines, such as Christ's Divinity, are materially strengthened. His little book gives a clear account of what has been done, and why it was advisable to do it.

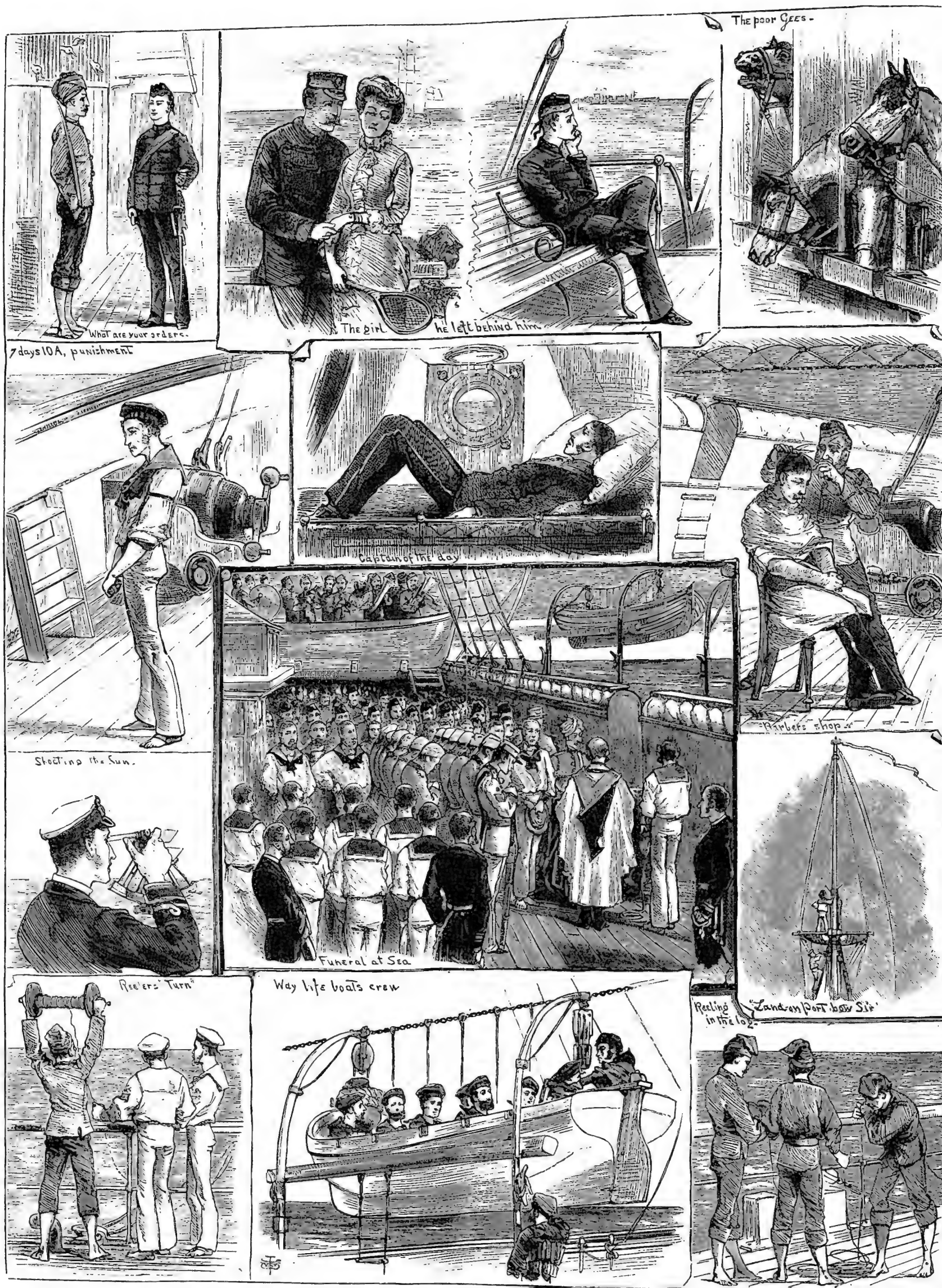
JAPANESE JACK TARS

Of all wonderful transformations which have recently taken place in Japanese life and character, none are more astonishing or significant than that which has resulted in the creation of a Japanese war navy, on the model of that possessed by England. True, it is at present in its infancy, but already it displays the promise of a sturdy manhood, judging from the manner in which the *Ruijio*, one of the vessels of the new Japanese Fleet, has performed its recent Australian cruise. Suddenly making its appearance in Farm Cove, that portion of Sydney Harbour reserved for the use of British and Foreign warships, the strange visitor could scarcely be distinguished from such vessels as H.M.S. *Emerald*, or H.M.S. *Cormorant*, which rode almost within speaking distance, save by the Japanese Imperial ensign, a red ball on a white ground, which saucily waved in the soft cooling breeze. There was an English-like appearance about everything connected with the *Ruijio*, even to the dress and demeanour of the crew, although it must be confessed that there was something stagey in the style in which they sought to imitate the bearing of a British Tar, especially ashore, where their natural curiosity led them to examine the shop-windows in a fashion wholly foreign to our Jack. But in one or two respects, the "Japs" had the best of the comparison. Their habits of sobriety were not affected by the numerous temptations which surrounded them from the moment that they found themselves strolling through the crowded streets of the city. If they possessed a weakness, it was for cigarettes, which they smoked with a nonchalance which a *boulevardier* might have envied. The discipline exhibited by them was perfect. They roamed the city in all directions, making purchases of every description, especially views and plans of the harbour, which they seemed to greatly admire, and returning punctual to the moment to the stairs where the boats of the *Ruijio* awaited them. On board the ship the resemblance to an English war vessel was strongly marked, even in the most minute details, everything for which there existed no Japanese name being designated by its English appellation. The *Ruijio* was built at Aberdeen some few years ago for the Japanese Government, and is of a total register 2,301 tons gross, and 1,459 nominal. Her length is 217 feet, and her engines of 280 horse power nominal direct acting. Her average rate of speed is about nine knots per hour. There are on board six 64-pounder guns, and one 100-pounder, together with two small brass guns, 24-pounders. The officers and crew were all Japanese, with the exception of two English officers, who acted as naval and navigating instructors respectively. The officers were apparently a most intelligent and well informed class, of most gentlemanly demeanour, and performing their duties with admirable precision. Their names and appointments were as follows:—Captain Fukushima, Commander Kimitomo, Navigating Lieutenant Yoshida, Lieutenants Higo, Yoshimura, Yasuda, Yoko-o, Nagafuchi; Sub-Lieutenants, Tokuhisa, Tenzino; Navigating Sub-Lieutenants, Dewa, S. Ito, Y. Ito, Bosoga, Macamigo, Inouye, Matsyeda; Midshipmen, Noguchio, Iwasaki, Yamada; Surgeon, Kawamura; Assistant Surgeon, Isruda; Paymasters, Idichu, K. Ito; Assistant Paymasters, Hirana, Soyana; Chief Engineer, Shihowara; Assistant Engineers, Shigebishu, Ohisi, Hoshino; Secretary, Miyoshi; Interpreter, Tamana. There were also thirty-five cadets, who, but for their olive complexions and strange language, might readily have been mistaken for some belonging to an English vessel. The entire number of officers and men was 360. The routine of a British man-of-war was strictly enforced during the stay of the *Ruijio* in Australian waters, and an English sailor would have felt perfectly at home between decks, if he could have overcome his reluctance to the substitution of a dish of tea for his customary allowance of rum. The *Ruijio* left Yokohama on the 2nd of February, and made the running eastward of New Guinea and the coast of Queensland at Cape Moreton.

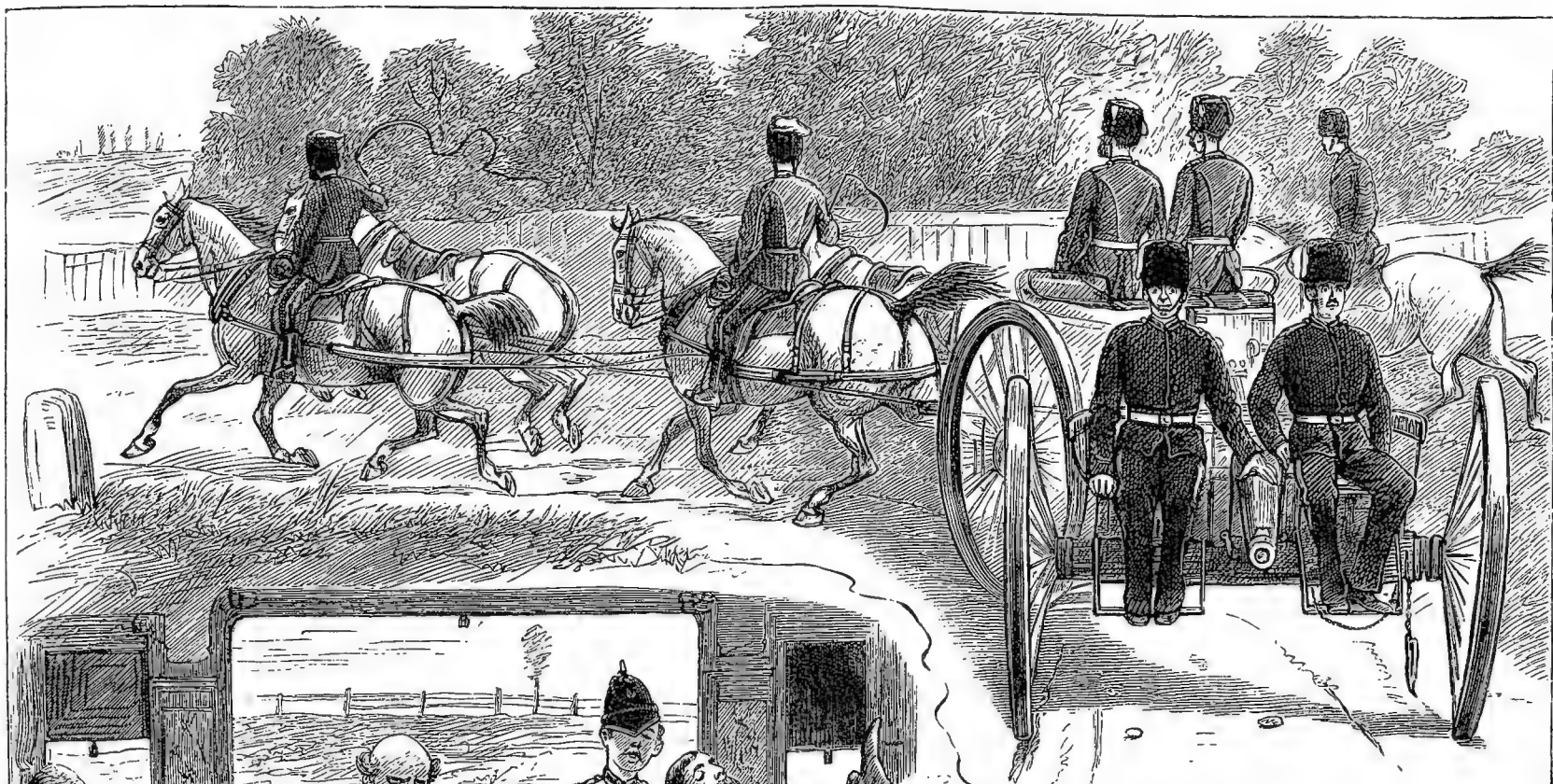
After leaving Sydney the vessel proceeded to Port Phillip, from whence she was to make a run to Hobart and New Zealand, afterwards returning to Japan. It was very amusing to note the conscious air of superiority with which the "Japs," while at Sydney, regarded the numerous unlovely specimens of the "Heathen Chinese" with whom they came in contact. But John Chinaman was not in the least abashed. He gazed at the more civilised Asiatics with looks of undisguised astonishment and admiration, much in the same manner that Hodge, visiting the Tower of London for the first time in his life, would stare at one of the portly "beef-eaters." But suppose that China emulates the example of Japan? She has already the nucleus of a war fleet, and suppose that both were to form an offensive and defensive alliance? Stranger and more improbable things have happened ere this.

JOHN PLUMMER

THE BRITISH SPARROW IN THE UNITED STATES is proving a worse plague than ever, and the Transatlantic farmers now deplore the introduction of the perky little foreigner as bitterly as the Australians lament the acclimatisation of the rabbit. The nuisance is particularly serious in Pennsylvania, where a bill has been introduced asking that the legal protection hitherto extended to the sparrow shall be withdrawn, as the bird drives away other species, and does not do their work. When the sparrows have multiplied sufficiently in any neighbourhood, the *American* tells us, they go in flocks to attack the large birds and tear down their nests, never giving up their warfare until they have ousted all competitors. Thus not only in the cities have the wrens and robins been completely driven out, but the process has been repeated in the country, where the sparrows do not give the least help to the farmer, preferring to live on grains and berries rather than on worms and insects. Undeterred, however, by this disastrous result of acclimatisation, some New Yorkers have brought over a number of meadow-larks. This experiment will probably fail, as the plan was tried uselessly some years ago in Pennsylvania, the birds being unable to bear the American dry hot summer and hard winter.



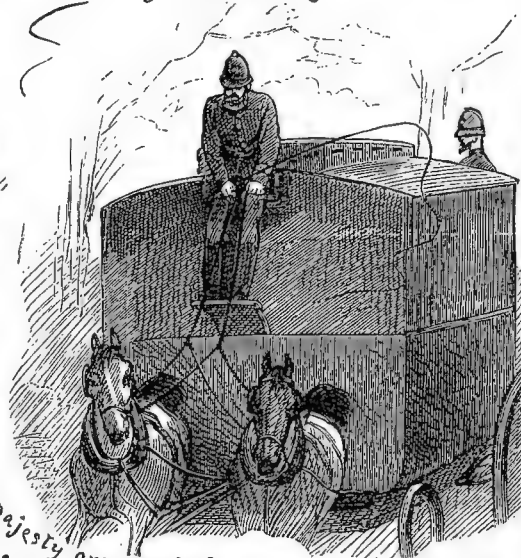
FROM BERMUDA TO THE CAPE IN A TRANSPORT SHIP



Rough riding



Sleep Gentle sleep



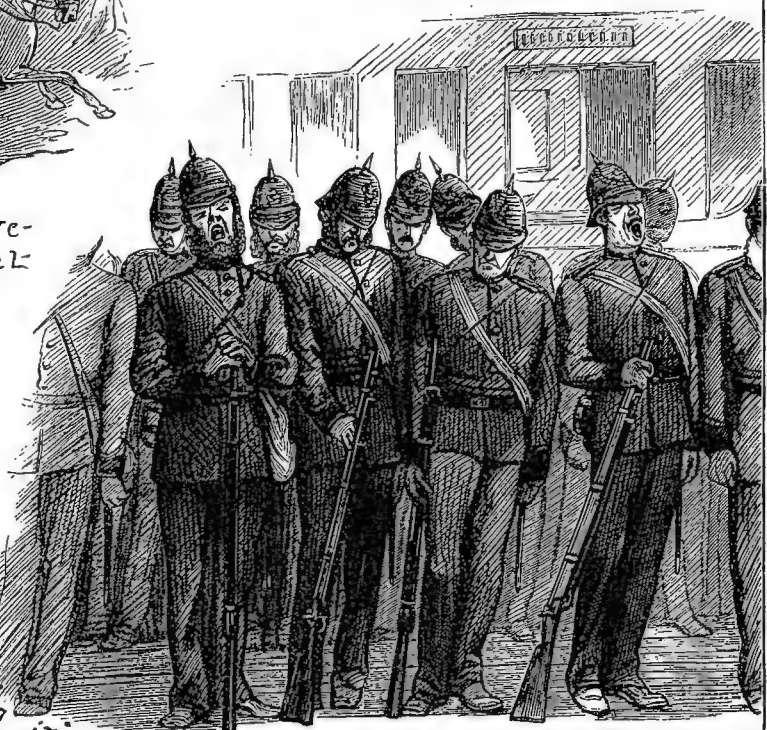
Her Majesty graciously lent one of her carriages to certain distinguished visitors



This does not represent the Camel



The Veterans in their travelling dress



Sunday morning Country Corps falling in

Topics of the Week

LESSONS OF THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.—People were so despondent before the Review, that its unexpected success has made them rather inclined to brag. To the intelligent foreign critic, who came over to witness the march-past, they have been saying in so many words: "You see these fifty-five thousand fine fellows, my boy? Well, there are three times as many more at home in their own counties, and then there are half-a-million besides them, a sort of unorganised *Landsturm*, you understand, who have been through the Volunteers, and who could soon pick up their drill and discipline again. So that, let alone the Regulars and the Militia, we have a pretty decent force in case of invasion." There is a certain degree of truth in these assertions which makes them all the more dangerous. Invasion, it must be remembered, is now a much less difficult matter than it was in 1803, when the invader was at the mercy of the winds and waves, and when his place of debarkation in any considerable force was almost sure to be known beforehand by the enemy. Steam and telegraphy have turned the scale greatly in the invaders' favour. Such being the case, it is pertinent to ask two questions. First, are our railway authorities, which showed themselves so competent in transporting fifty thousand Volunteers last Saturday, equally competent at brief notice to transport a field army, complete with its cavalry, artillery, waggons, ammunition, and stores? Secondly, can our existing army, Regulars, Militia, and Volunteers, be regarded as a fair match for the army of any one of the Great Powers? In military aptitude and *physique* our men may possibly be superior, but are they as much trained soldiers as the men who undergo conscription on the Continent? Military authorities declare that no amount of drill, unaccompanied by barrack-life, will make a man a thorough soldier. If this maxim be true, it is evident that neither the Volunteers nor the Militiamen can be safely reckoned on as a counterpoise to the armed hosts of Continental Europe.

IRISH LABOURERS.—Now that the Irish labourers have begun to make their grievances known, it may be hoped that they will receive rather more attention than has hitherto been given to them. If we may judge from the facts submitted by their representatives to Mr. Forster and Cardinal Manning, their case is far more deserving of pity than that of the tenant farmers, about whose wrongs there has been so prolonged an outcry. The unfortunate labourer has to work harder than the poorest class of tenant farmers, and his wages are so miserable that it is simply impossible for him to maintain himself and his family in decency. For a small bit of land he has to pay his employer an exorbitant rent, and non-payment is almost invariably followed by prompt eviction. It is surprising that the wretched condition of so depressed a class should have been so completely neglected, and the only explanation, we fear, is that political parties are not apt to trouble themselves much about matters from which it is difficult to obtain "political capital." Probably the majority of Irish farmers would prefer that the issue should be decided by the operation of the laws of supply and demand; but after what has been done for themselves in opposition to these laws they are not likely to find many persons to agree with them in this view. The labourers have a very distinct conviction as to the results which would follow from the plan favoured by the farmers. "Experience has already taught us," some of them recently wrote to Mr. Blennerhassett, "how that class (no matter what advantages they might derive under a new Act relative to the land measures) would crush us down, and keep ourselves and families in distress and poverty all our lives." The problem is one of great difficulty, but until it is solved Parliament cannot be held to have grappled in earnest with "the Irish Question."

THE TRANSVAAL CESSION MEETING.—The Government are wise in postponing the Transvaal debate as long as possible. The public memory concerning Colonial affairs is at no time very retentive; some sensational incident, like the Lefroy case, may any day crop up to divert people's attention from the Boers; and lastly, at the end of a very fatiguing Session, the House of Commons grows every day more jaded and languid. Such being the state of the case, the Conservatives, who naturally wish to trip up the Liberals, and reign in their stead, are quite right, from a partisan point of view, to direct the flagging interest of the public to the Transvaal Cession by holding a meeting at Willis's Rooms. That the Government has but a lame explanation to offer in this matter is evident from the tone of their apologists. The gist of that apology is that the Government gradually learnt that it was a mistake to have annexed the Transvaal, and, having discovered their error, they resolved to hand back the territory to the Boers. But this is a mere evasion of the real charge. If the Government had done no more than this, few persons would have complained of them. The true accusation against the Government is that they solemnly announced their determination to put down the Boer revolt by force, that they sent out troops for that purpose, and that when the vanguard of these troops (a small portion of the force which was on the point of arriving) had been thrice repulsed with

much slaughter, and the rebels were flushed with unexpected victory, the Government suddenly made peace with them, thereby allowing loyalists' rights and native rights all to go by the board. To us it seems very difficult for the Ministry to adduce any adequate excuse for their conduct, and there can be little doubt that in former days, when the national spirit was higher, and the suffrage less extended, such an incident would have swept them from power. However, we must look at facts as they are, not as we may wish them to be. In foreign and colonial affairs democracies accord much liberty of action to their Governments, and, in spite of a temporary outburst of indignation, the nation, that is, the masses with whom the voting power now rests, have practically condoned the Transvaal bungle. They know that they cannot recall to life the soldiers who were so uselessly sacrificed, they know that they cannot now reverse the Ministerial decision and reoccupy the Transvaal, therefore they prefer to leave matters as they are, trusting that after all, when the settlement is effected, Boers, loyalists, and blacks may manage to live together in tolerable harmony. Under these circumstances, although the Government policy may be clearly proved indefensible, the exposure will not hurt them much out of doors, and therefore the Transvaal discussion, when it comes off, will probably turn out to be rather a hollow affair.

FRANCE AND NORTH AFRICA.—The recent proceedings of France in North Africa have given occasion to a vast amount of sermonising in this country. The Liberal newspapers have especially distinguished themselves in this kind of exercise, their main point being that the revival of an ambitious and warlike spirit among the French must be traced to the bad example set by the late English Government. If England had not taken Cyprus, we are told, France would not have thought of taking Tunis; much less would she have thought of annexing Tripoli, and perhaps Egypt. Were it proved that France has all the daring designs so freely attributed to her, a very different account of the change in her policy might be suggested. The main object of Lord Beaconsfield's Government was to associate England with the Austro-German alliance; and, had he succeeded, it is obvious that France would have found it exceedingly difficult to attempt any enterprise even remotely injurious to English interests. The accession of Mr. Gladstone to power put an end at once to all hope of an alliance between England on the one hand, and Germany and Austria on the other. His "Hands off" declaration was an immediate warning to the Central European Powers that they must in future regard England as a watchful and suspicious rival; and it would not have been surprising if in these circumstances Germany had made advances to France, and offered to arrive at an understanding with her by giving her free scope in a part of the world in which she is necessarily deeply interested. If France really intends to extend her power in North Africa, this will almost certainly prove to be the true explanation of her action. It has, however, been too hastily assumed that she has any large schemes of conquest. It is not easy to believe that she has allowed herself to be duped by Prince Bismarck; and the Arab insurgents are giving her ample proof that an advancing policy would be attended by serious danger, even if she had nothing to fear from the certain resistance of the Porte, and the probable hostility of Italy and England.

THE BRIGHTON RAILWAY TRAGEDY.—It does not quite clearly appear at present whether the police or Mrs. Bickers were chiefly instrumental in capturing Lefroy, otherwise Mapleton, but this is a matter in which the public are but slightly interested. They are, however, strongly interested in the apprehension of a man who is charged by a coroner's jury with the commission of a murder of an especially terrifying kind, and they are also relieved that the hue and cry after the accused person has now come to an end. It had really become quite a nuisance, and, for once in their lives, men who were unmistakably fat or elderly congratulated themselves on being so, because then they were less likely to be mistaken for Lefroy. To turn to another branch of the subject, it is doubtful whether the alarm excited by Mr. Gold's murder will be so powerful or so permanent as to induce railway companies to construct new carriages. The remote chance of being maltreated or murdered weighs less with most people than the opportunities of comparative seclusion afforded by the present system. But Mr. Price, in his letter to *The Times*, scores a point in favour of saloon-carriages, when he shows that they are less likely to be "telescoped" in a collision. The chief argument, to our mind, against end-doors, is the time which would be occupied in emptying a train. This is not felt as a grievance on the Continent, where people are accustomed to perform their railway journeys in a leisurely fashion. But fancy a train on the Metropolitan Railway during the busy hours made up of long saloon coaches, and without side-doors! The passengers would all go mad.

AFGHANISTAN.—The news from this troubled region can scarcely be regarded as reassuring. Ayoub, whose chances not long ago appeared almost hopeless, has come to the fore again, and may run Abdurrahman hard, especially as the latter appears to have no well-rooted popularity in Cabul. The various Afghan tribes are so divided among themselves, and are so fickle in their allegiance, that neither of these rivals is likely to exercise any sway that is not precarious. Mean-

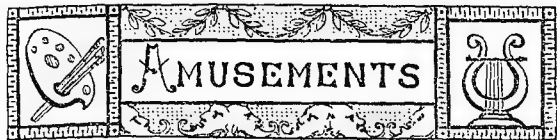
while their recent successes against the Tekke-Turcomans have brought the Russians close up to the Afghan frontier. They cannot help regarding with interest the struggle going on in the adjacent territory. And if they decide to intervene in the quarrel, they can come into the fray with clean hands, as a nation who, unlike the English, have never yet shed a drop of Afghan blood. Nor is it altogether improbable that, by dint of careful watching and diplomacy, without any bloodshed at all, Afghanistan may hereafter drop like a ripe plum into the ready mouth of the Great Bear. In all these semi-civilised countries there is a strong body of would-be peaceable folks, industrial and commercial, who patiently endure war when it comes, but are always ready to welcome the Strong Man, from whatever quarter he may appear, provided he can ensure tranquillity.

ADVANCE IN POPULAR EDUCATION.—When the Education Act was passed, fears were loudly expressed that we had virtually seen the last of Voluntary schools. In the Report for 1880 just issued by the Committee of Council on Education, facts are mentioned which show how little ground there was for this anticipation. In 1870 only 8,281 Voluntary schools were inspected, whereas in 1880 the number had risen to 14,181. At the present time there are but 3,433 Board schools, and the proportion of children in Voluntary school over those in Board schools is about five to two. This must surely be considered a gratifying fact, since it means not only that parents, if they choose, have an opportunity of providing their children with religious instruction, but that School Boards cannot afford to relax their efforts to maintain a high standard in the institutions under their control. If the School Boards were alone in the field, they would probably become formal and indifferent; with active competition they are obliged to take care that their methods do not become antiquated and inefficient. Among other satisfactory results set forth in the Report we may note that at the Board Schools there is a steady improvement in the work done as well as in the number of pupils. A larger percentage are shown to have mastered the three R's, while the number of those who present themselves in more advanced subjects, such as English, animal physiology, and physical geography, is steadily increasing. Another excellent sign is that there is an ample supply of good teachers, and that their pay is rising at a more rapid rate than that of any other profession. At the same time a considerably smaller demand is made upon the ratepayers of England and Wales than was considered necessary four or five years ago. Even pessimists, who are always numerous enough in England, must admit that the country has some reason to congratulate itself on this state of things. The only disagreeable element in the case is that both in Board schools and in Voluntary schools it is still found difficult to secure anything like regularity and punctuality of attendance.

HIGH TEMPERATURES.—Lucky are we at last to have a summer which causes such a discussion as the following. Mr. Symons, the well-known meteorologist (or "weather-sharp," as in California they would more vernacularly style him), having ventured to state that London was sometimes as hot as Bombay, and hotter than certain of the West India islands ever are, was rebuked for not proclaiming a matter which he never denied, namely, the obvious fact that, taking the year through, these tropical places are much warmer than London. It is possible, however, that in these matters the public mind needs some enlightenment. To a certain extent the popular idea is correct that the earth is hottest at the equator and coldest at the poles. But the maximum of heat is found at a considerable distance north or south of the equator, just as the minimum of cold is found (probably) a good way off from the poles. The greatest heat is felt, not in the tropics, where the solar heat of the summer months is mitigated by an almost continuous rainfall, but in countries near the tropics, where the days in summer are tolerably long, and where the sky is unclouded during the hot months. North Africa, North India, and Southern Australia answer to this description. During their hot seasons it is sometimes terrifically hot, but on the contrary their winters are cool and bracing. Whereas at Singapore, which is only some eighty miles from the equator, though it is never so hot as on a hot July day in London, the thermometer sticks monotonously in the neighbourhood of eighty degrees all through the year.

BULGARIA AND HER PRINCE.—The Prince of Bulgaria has not had much difficulty in forcing his will on the new Constituent Assembly, for it was elected in circumstances which made the success of his attack on popular rights almost inevitable. In many districts the electors were conducted to the polling-booths by soldiers, and, on the whole, the surprising thing is not that so many Liberal candidates were defeated but that any of them were able to obtain a majority. The sympathies of English Liberals are of course with the opponents of the Prince; but they ought hardly to be astonished by the present state of things. The Bulgarian army is commanded chiefly by Russian officers; and the Prince is not only controlled mainly by Russian counsellors, but takes no important step without receiving directions from St. Petersburg. How, then, could it have been expected that he would remain satisfied with a Constitution which limited autocratic pretensions? Russia has no wish, and can have no wish, to foster free institutions in

a country in which she is so much interested; and the Prince, in determining to be no longer hampered by such institutions, has simply been acting in accordance with her commands. What use he will make of his usurped powers will altogether depend upon the mood which may happen at any moment to prevail at the Russian Court. The best course for Bulgaria would have been to withdraw from the excitement of international intrigue, and to devote herself, "without haste, without rest," to internal improvement. We are now likely to hear of all sorts of schemes for active competition with Roumania, Servia, and the other rising nationalities which have given so much trouble to Europe; and domestic legislation is not likely to be prosecuted in a cautious spirit. Bulgaria herself will suffer by the change, but we may think ourselves fortunate if it does not sooner or later inconveniently affect the general development of the Eastern Question.



LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. On Monday, Tuesday, and Friday, July 18, 19, and 22, at 7.45. **EUGENE ARAM** and the **BELLE'S STRATAGEM**. Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. Wednesday and Thursday, July 20 and 21, **CHARLES I.** Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. **SATURDAY**, July 22, **BENEFIT OF MR. IRVING**, and **LAST NIGHT OF THE SEASON**. **THE BELLS**. Mathias, Mr. Irving. A Selection from **THE HUNCHBACK**, in which Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry will appear as Helen and Modus, and Mr. Irving has much pleasure in announcing that Mr. J. L. TOOLE will appear in the farce of **THE BIRTHPLACE OF PODGERS**. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) open daily till 5. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.

FOLLY THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. L. TOOLE. **SUMMER SEASON** (under the Management of Mr. CARTON). Commencing WEDNESDAY, July 27.—New and Original Comedy, in Three Acts, entitled **IMPUDENCE**, by A. C. Pinero.—Mr. Carton, Mr. Leonard Boeyne, Mr. Clifford Cooper, Mr. A. Wood, Mr. A. Redwood, Mr. G. L. Gordon, Mr. Hugh Moss, Mr. W. H. Gilbert, and Mr. Edward Righton; Miss Compton, Miss Emily Miller, Miss Fanny London, and Miss Kate Bishop. Musical Director, Mr. BARROW. Acting Manager, Mr. F. CAVENDISH MACDONNELL.

MISS FLORENCE SANDERS'S EIGHTH ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT, July 21. Aberdeen House, Argyll Street, W.

MISS FLORENCE SANDERS (Pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes) will play Compositions by Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c., at her **EVENING CONCERT**. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Gilbert.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—The **SPECIAL LOAN EXHIBITION OF SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE ART** is now OPEN, Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays, from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., free, and on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., on payment of Sixpence—by order.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. MONDAY NIGHT NEXT, JULY 18. Production of the New **Æsthetic Skit**, written by Wallis Mackay and Ernest Warren, entitled **DA DO DUM**. The Dado by Bruce Smith, Esq. The Sunflowers and Lilies by Messrs. Shoolbred. The **Æsthetic Costumes** by Messrs. Too Utterly and Co.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—**CHERRY TREE FARM**, a New Piece by Arthur Law, Music by Hamilton Clarke. **YE FANCY FAIR**, 1881, a New Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, and **A BRIGHT IDEA**, by Arthur Law, Music by Arthur Cecil. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8; Thursday and Saturday at 3.—**ST. GEORGE'S HALL**, Langham Place. Admission 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s., 5s. No fees. The Season will close with the Afternoon performance of Saturday, July 23rd.

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" 19	" 10.40 "	" 10.50 "	" 10.35 "		
" 20	" 11.50 "	" 12.5 p.m.	" 12.25 a.m.		
" 21	" 1.30 p.m.	" 1.40 "	" 1.7 "		
" 22	" 8.30 a.m.	" 8.40 a.m.	" 10.5 p.m.		
" 23	" 9.35 "	" 9.45 "	" 10.35 "		

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MIDLAND RAILWAY. TOURIST ARRANGEMENTS, 1881. TOURIST TICKETS will be issued to the 31st October, 1881. For particulars, see Time Tables and Programmes, issued by the Company. JOHN NOBLE, General Manager. Derby, July, 1881.

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THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW

PRELIMINARY

THOSE fiery French colonels who besought Napoleon III. to let them draw their swords against England, did this country genuine good service. Unconsciously, they were the promoters of the great Volunteer movement. This, as we showed last week in our "Story of the Volunteers," still lives and flourishes. In spite of croakers who foretold that the newborn enthusiasm would vanish like a flash in the pan, in spite of the chilly half-hearted aid afforded by the Government in the earlier days of the movement, year after year Volunteering went on extending and advancing, till at last the force found itself approaching its twenty-first birthday.

"How shall the Volunteer Army most fitly celebrate its majority?" was presently asked. And from thousands of voices the answer came, "By a Grand Review. In the days when Albert the Good was still alive, and when, compared with our present condition, we were in an unlicked-cub-like state, the Queen reviewed us in Hyde Park. Let us have the pride and pleasure of defiling before her again."

The War Office, no longer cold-blooded, but even enthusiastic, as at last clearly perceiving the value of the Volunteer organisation, went to work with a will, Sir Garnet Wolseley taking the lead. He found out that fifty-two thousand citizen soldiers desired to take part in the proposed review, and at once set to work to devise means whereby they might all be brought together into one given spot—in other words, mobilised.

Into what spot? Hyde Park was deemed too small and confined for the assemblage of such a force. Sir Garnet himself, it is said, would have preferred a march past on the Thames Embankment, London being easier of access from all parts of the country than any other place, and because at that spot hundreds of thousands of spectators on land, on the river, and on the bridges, could have gazed on the spectacle. But British Majesty loves not London, rarely stays there, and thought that Windsor Park was far more convenient. *La Reine le veut*; so Windsor Park it was.

TRANSPORT SERVICE

STOUT old George III., reviewing white-breeched Volunteers in Hyde Park, as a sort of shaking of his Royal fist at the "Army of England" then assembling on Boulogne Heights, would have been surprised to learn that his grand-daughter would expect her Volunteers to gather round her standard at some four-and-twenty hours' notice. The King would have deemed it a miracle, yet there was one man in his kingdom who would have helped him to work this miracle, nay, who did ultimately work it, but who at that time, unregarded at Willington Quay, was busy in his leisure time growing big cabbages and mending his neighbours' clocks. Nowadays, the iron horse which he, George Stephenson, first broke into harness, makes this feat, which once appeared so marvellous, a matter of ordinary experience.

Yet we are not such masters of the art of military mobilisation as some of the Continental nations, where, since the Franco-German War, every peaceable railway coach has inscribed on it the number of men and horses it can carry. Warlike movements, however, excepted, our railway companies are wont to face exigencies of heavy traffic far beyond Continental experience. "Yet," as *The Times* says, "the plan of the War Office was a sufficiently ambitious one. It was to call between 50,000 and 60,000 Volunteers to arms

in all parts of the country, not excepting such remote counties as Northumberland and Pembroke, and to throw them into Windsor within a period of less than twenty-four hours—in other words, to effect such a mobilisation of the Volunteer Force as a sudden invasion of our shores by a foreign enemy would demand. The 1st Pembrokeshire excepted, not a battalion was to stir before Friday evening. The Northumberland men, for example, were not to take train at Newcastle till 6.40 p.m. on Friday, the Midland and West of England corps were timed to begin their journey at midnight, or later; while those from London, the Home counties, and the Southern and Eastern counties were, without exception, to be transported to Windsor on the day of the Review. A magnificent programme, truly, well calculated to satisfy the most ardent Volunteer!"

As the 9th of July drew near, the public mind became anxious, not to say nervous and tremulous. The familiar figure of the professional croaker appeared both in talk and print. "The railway arrangements are sure to break down. There are no generals capable of handling so large a body of troops after they have got them on the ground. Lastly, the weather became a subject of dismal speculation. People were, with some justice, alarmed at the disaster which befell the Regulars at Aldershot on the previous Monday. If this tropical heat should continue, it was alleged, the Volunteers would sink down exhausted by the hundred; while, on the other hand, a continuous rain, a more frequent accompaniment of English outdoor spectacles, would utterly spoil the bravery of the show. People generally were in a despondent humour, and had made up their minds for a *fiasco* in some direction or other.

The railway companies (notably the London and South Western and the Great Western, upon whom the brunt of the burden fell) were the first to falsify these gloomy vaticinations. It is easy now to say that Windsor is very favourably situated for railway accommodation; that the railway authorities had ample time to elaborate their plans beforehand; and that they had not, as in actual war, to carry guns and stores. Nevertheless, after all deductions are made, the fact remains that the railway transport was a thorough success, and this success was due, not to happy accident, but to carefully planned and skilfully executed arrangements. Advantage was taken of the fact that Windsor is partially encircled by the South Western Railway, and at four of the stations of this line, and at two of the Great Western, the great bulk of the Volunteers were "de-trained," as the modern phrase has it. Through Ascot there came 11,000 men; through Virginia Water, 2,000; through Egham, 6,000; through Datchet, 13,000;—in all 32,000 men by the London and South Western Railway; while the Great Western landed about 23,000 at Windsor and Slough. With regard to the locality from which the Volunteers came, London and its outskirts sent about 20,000, while except Lancashire, which sent five regiments, most of the distant counties were represented by a single regiment.

THE PONTOON BRIDGE AT DATCHET

THIS bridge, eighty-five yards long, and constructed of eighteen piers, formed of the pontoons invented by Major Blood, R.E., was thrown across the Thames in seven minutes on the Friday evening by a troop of Royal Engineers, under Major Bond, R.E. The Queen was present, and came again next morning with other members of the Royal Family, to watch the crossing of the troops. Some 10,000 crossed thus under the eyes of the Sovereign without one in a hundred knowing who was watching them. This bridge afforded a short and pleasant route to the Review Ground, through the Home Park.

ON THE GROUND

THE weather, like the railway companies, disappointed the croakers. As the common saying goes, it could not have been better if made to order. In London the day was cloudy throughout, but at Windsor the sun shone brilliantly, but as there was a fine tempering breeze and occasional clouds, the heat was by no means oppressive, and a light shower which fell in the afternoon was rather welcome than otherwise. As none of the Volunteers had camp equipage, they would have been in a sorry plight if the day had proved wet.

To avoid the risks of hunger and thirst, some hundred and twenty water troughs and forty immense tanks, with the necessary stand-pipes and mains to make them serviceable, were put down at the points where the troops halted, and a quantity of rice was also sent to the stations where the men arrived, and the rendezvous where they rested before forming into line for inspection.

"From 6 A.M. to 3 P.M.," says *The Times*, "the influx of troops went on, the military trains following each other at the various stations with wonderful rapidity and punctuality. It was charming to wander among the trees and through the open stretches of lawn, with their picturesque groups of Volunteers in scarlet, grey, green, and dark blue uniforms, to hear on all sides the distant strains of martial music, and to catch glimpses of long columns of men marching in unceasingly from their several points of arrival. The space allotted to brigades and divisions was carefully marked out beforehand by field-posts, and the commanding officers were able to march their men to their rendezvous without confusion or delay, until at length the two Army Corps were complete, located the one on the west the other on the east of the Long Walk.

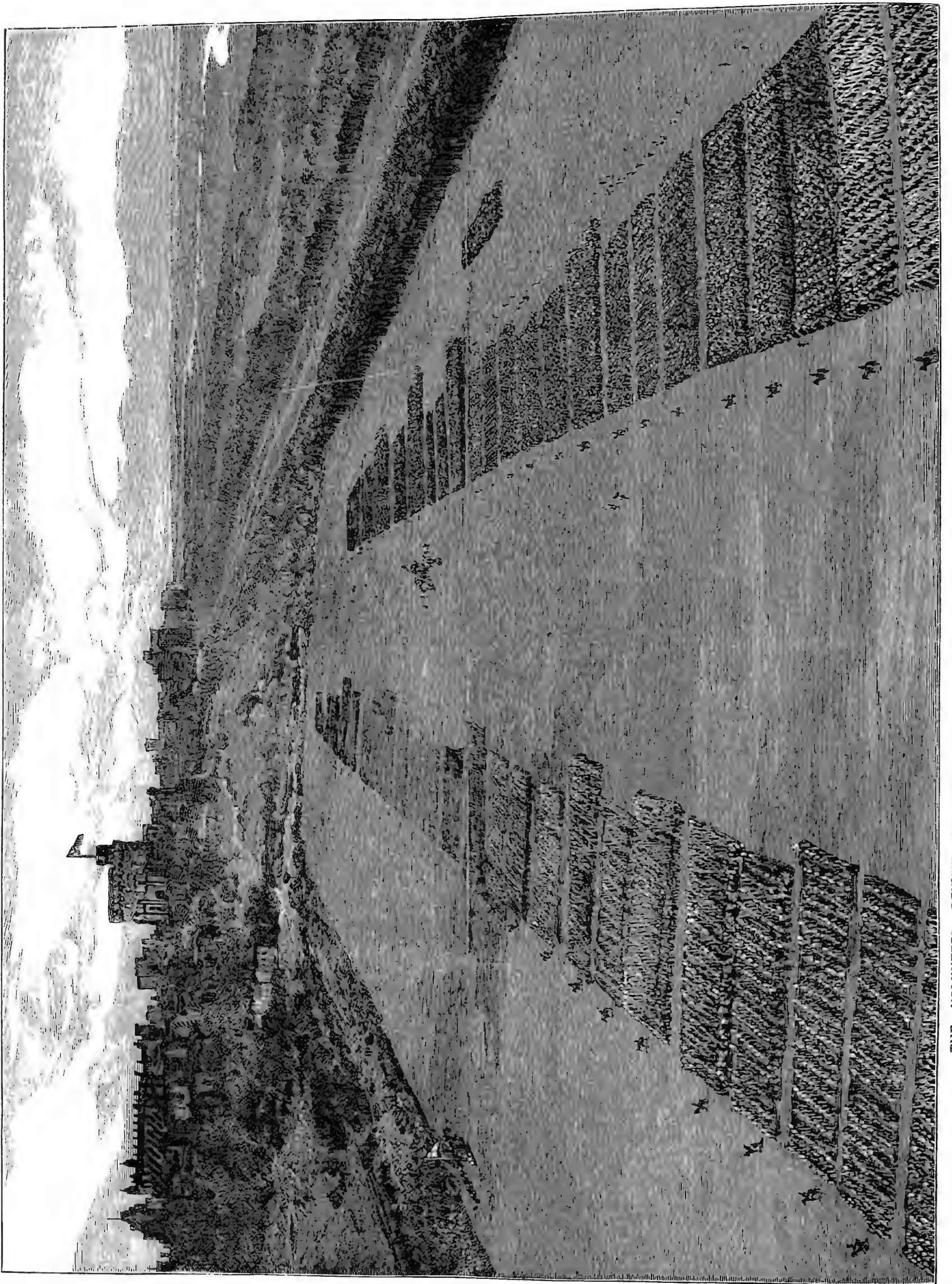
"As the men squatted on the grass, and lunched on the contents of their haversacks, it seemed like a huge picnic. Most of them had brought provisions enough with them to last until their return home, and the water tanks and troughs gave them a copious supply of cold water. They could wander about as they pleased during the long hours of waiting, but their military instinct kept most of them within the bounds of their own division. Some took off their tunics, and enjoyed the lovely prospect around them; others played cards, or strolled about inspecting the wares of the itinerant vendors who thronged the ground. Everywhere good nature and the most perfect discipline reigned. There was not a single case of drunkenness to be seen among the entire force, although drink was plentiful."

THE AMBULANCE SERVICE

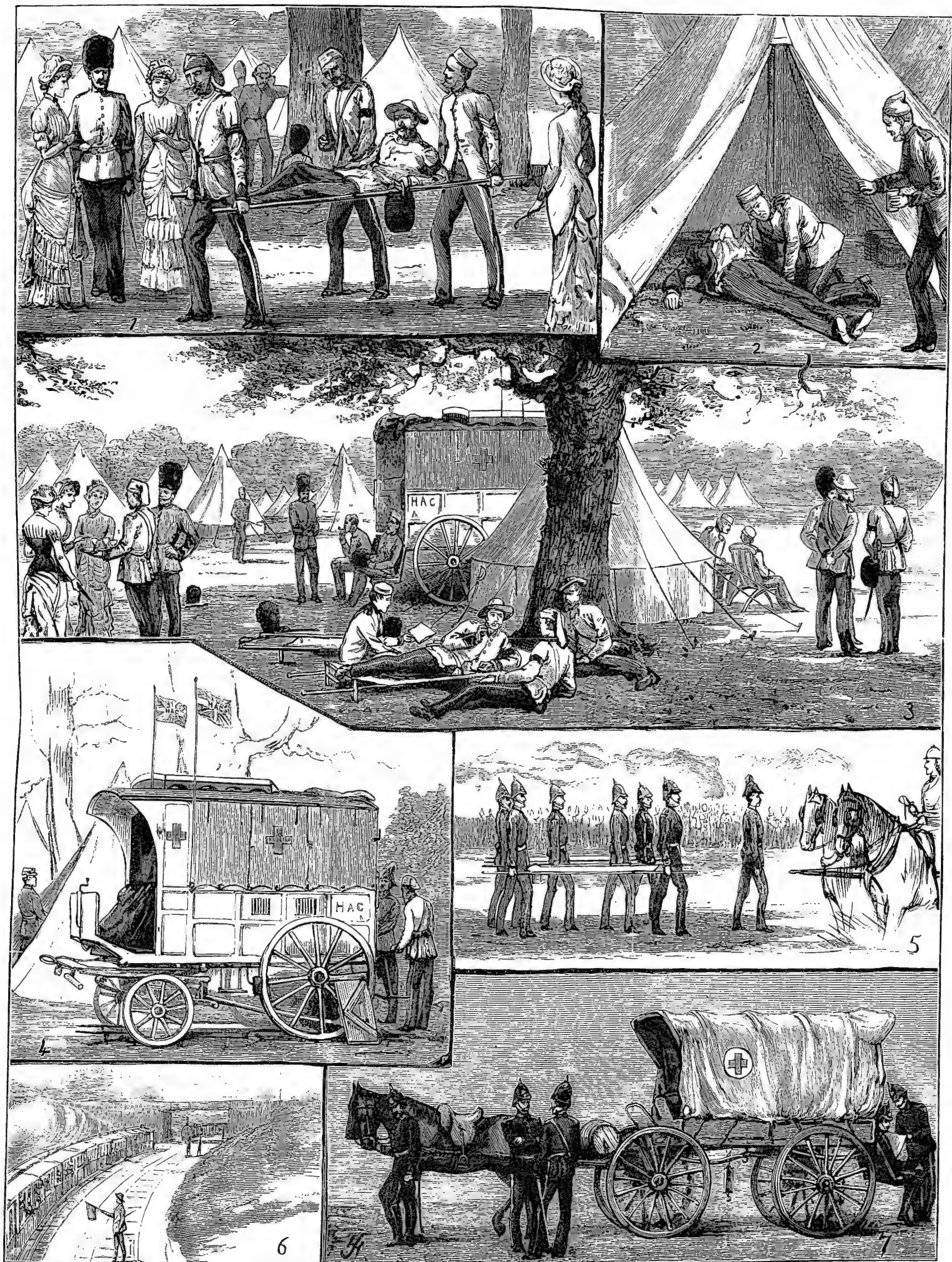
"The field hospitals," says the *Standard*, "were established in the Great Park, under the charge of the Volunteer Ambulance Corps. Each hospital was composed of about seven tents, with sets of panniers and field companions, bearers, water-bottles, waggons, stretchers, water-carts, and other appliances. The Corps treated 150 cases during the Review, of which cases twenty-five were for the moment of a serious character. Ten of these were from sunstroke, and the remaining fifteen were cases of faintness produced by heat and fatigue during the long railway journeys. The other casualties comprised sprains, contusions, and faintings, most of which received immediate medical relief in the field. Out of the 150 casualties, all but eight of the sufferers were able to rejoin their corps, or leave for their homes in the course of the evening. The worst case, one of sunstroke, was eventually removed to the Guards' Hospital at Windsor."

CAMPS OF THE ROYAL NAVAL VOLUNTEERS AND THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY

THE effort to extend the Volunteer movement to the naval forces of the country is due to Mr. Goschen, who, in 1870, in speeches delivered in London and Liverpool, appealed to the patriotism of the great mercantile communities. Next year an Act of Parliament was obtained, authorising the enrolment of a force styled the Royal Naval Volunteers. The management of the force was then placed in the hands of Mr., now Sir Thomas, Brassey, K.C.B., who is perhaps the best amateur seaman in England, and who has devoted much zeal



THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW — BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE GROUND, SHOWING THE DISPOSITION OF THE FORCES



1. An Amateur.—2. A Serious Case.—3. Awaiting the First Gun: The Hon. Artillery Company's Field Hospital.—4. Ambulance Waggon Presented to the Hon. Artillery Company by the German Government.—5. A "Bearer" Column Passing the Saluting Point.—6. Returning: Signalling on the Great Western Railway.—7. Ambulance Waggon at Windsor Station.

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW—NOTES WITH THE AMBULANCES

and industry to the development of this branch of Volunteer service. The present strength of the force is 1,200, recruited mainly from sailing and rowing clubs. They are thoroughly instructed in the great gun drill, in the use of the rifle, and in the management of boats. They are embarked for eight days annually, in gun-boats lent by the Admiralty.

Concerning the origin and progress of the Honourable Artillery Company, the most ancient military body acknowledging fealty to the Queen, we spoke fully last week. It is sufficient to say here that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, being Honorary Colonel of this corps, rode past in the Review at the head of the Light Cavalry Troop. The battalion, who in their bearskins looked like the Guards, were noticeable as being the only regiment on the ground with colours.

IN WINDSOR TOWN

FROM the previous evening the streets of Windsor had been gayly decorated in honour of the occasion, and had been thronged with many of the more prudent of the visitors and officials who had to take part in the morrow's proceedings. Every house where "entertainment for man and beast" could be obtained was crowded, and there was a general air of bustle which is one of the characteristics of the Royal borough on the eve of some great pageant. In the morning the whole population was astir betimes, and shortly after 8 A.M. several detachments of Volunteers marched in from Slough.

THE ARRIVAL OF HER MAJESTY ON THE GROUND

PUNCTUALLY at ten minutes to five a salute of twenty-one guns from the battery of the Honourable Artillery Company announced that Her Majesty and her suite had left the Castle. The Queen was in an open carriage drawn by four greys, with outriders, and was accompanied by the Princess of Wales, who wore a most becoming blue dress, and the Crown Princess of Prussia, who was attired in white and cream colour. A second carriage followed with the Princesses Louise, Christian, and Beatrice, and the Duchess of Connaught, a third contained the Duke of Albany, the Duchess of Teck, and Prince Waldemar of Denmark, and a fourth the young Princesses of Hesse. In a fifth were the ladies-in-waiting to the Princess of Wales and the Crown Princess, and Mr. Hugh Childers, M.P., the Secretary of State for War. The cortege was escorted by a detachment of Horse Guards, and was accompanied by the Crown Prince of Germany (in his white cuirassier uniform) and the Grand Duke of Hesse on horseback. Her Majesty was received at the Frogmore Gate by the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian, General Sir C. Ellice, and Lieutenant-General Sir Garnet Wolseley, and drove down the lines of the Second Army Corps, which had been drawn up on each side of the Long Walk, and extended from the Double Gates nearly to those of the Castle. At the Double Gates the Review Ground proper was entered, and Her Majesty then drove down the right flank of the First Army Corps, passing along the front until the Saluting Point was reached, when a general salute was given. The Queen then drove down the front of both lines, and then returned to the Saluting Point for the march past. The admirable appearance of the men is said to have greatly impressed the Queen, and the only discordant feature was the variety of tunes which in an equal variety of keys the bands of the different arrangements played at the approach of the Royal procession.

THE MARCH PAST

WHEN Her Majesty had taken up her position beneath the Royal Standard the march past at once began, the Royal Naval Volunteers being the first corps to come by, led by Commander Domville, R.N. The twelve companies appeared to be composed of fine stalwart fellows, though, as might be expected of men whose duty it is to serve guns at sea, their marching did not compare favourably with their military colleagues. They were armed with carbines and cutlasses, and as they marched past, to the tune of "A Life on the Ocean Wave," they called forth loud plaudits from the crowd, with whom they seemed to be exceedingly popular. None the less were the next corps, the time-honoured regiment of the Honourable Artillery Company, who were headed by the Prince of Wales, as Honorary Colonel of the Corps. The manner in which the cavalry and the guns went by, however, was sharply criticised by military men, the battalion finding more favour in their eyes. Next followed the regiments of the First Division of the First Army Corps, under Major-General Radcliffe, C.B., a number of Provincial Regiments, of which we may especially mention the 1st Kent Artillery, the 2nd Oxford Rifles, and the Eton, Harrow, Charterhouse, and Marlborough Cadet Corps. The Charterhouse boys, about fifty in number, marched past so well, we are told, that the Queen inquired who they were. The Second Division, under the command of Major-General Higginson, C.B., was headed by one of the crack regiments of the whole Volunteer army, the London Scottish, and the manner in which they marched past fully maintained their reputation. Next came the 18th Middlesex, and then the Inns of Court, *alias* the "Devil's Own," and after several other Metropolitan battalions, the "Artists" Corps, headed by Sir Frederick Leighton himself, their soldierlike bearing being especially commended. Other Metropolitan brigades followed, the London Irish being received with loud cheers, as they went by to the tune of "St. Patrick's Day." In the Third Division, which was under the command of Major-General E. Newdigate, the most noticeable regiments were the 1st Sussex Artillery and the 1st Sussex Rifles, the various Kentish battalions, the 1st Berks, headed by Prince Christian, the Honorary Colonel, and the Northumberland Artillery, the ranks of the last-named being composed of stalwart North-countrymen. This brought up the rear of the First Army Corps.

The First Brigade of the First Division (under the command of Major-General Spurgin, C.B.), of the Second Army Corps, excited general admiration, being the 1st Lancashire Regiment. The "Lancashire lads" were men of admirable physique and training, seemed in first-rate form, and were loudly cheered. A long list of rural regiments followed, including the 1st Northampton Rifles, a fine body of 1,000 strong, commanded by the Duke of Grafton, and the 1st Nottinghamshire or Robin Hoods. Then heading the Second Division, under the command of the Duke of Connaught, came the 1st Middlesex Engineers, followed by the other Engineering Corps of the Metropolis, together with several Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent Battalions. At the head of the 3rd London Rifles rode Lord Napier of Magdala, their Honorary Colonel. In the Third Division, under the command of Brigadier-General Sir H. Havelock-Allan, V.C., C.B., came some more artillery regiments of Surrey and Middlesex, the Second Brigade being commanded by one of the chief founders of the Volunteer Army, Lord Ranelagh. The rear of the whole force was brought up by a Bearer Company, formed of contingents from different regiments, and commanded by Surgeon-Major A. A. D.

The whole march past was conducted without the slightest confusion, and the fact that in exactly one hour and forty-five minutes more than 50,000 men were taken past the saluting point, speaks volumes for the admirable manner in which the arrangements were carried out. Of course, there has been no lack of criticism on the failure of the various corps to keep their proper distances, and in some quarters to keep the correct time in marching, but these are very venial errors when compared with the practical efficiency which was almost universally shown by our citizen army on Saturday.

AFTER THE REVIEW—THE RETURN HOME

THE march past at an end, Her Majesty was again saluted by the guns of the Hon. Artillery Company, and, on leaving the ground, drove down the marching past line, along the ranks of the spectators,

who cheered their Sovereign to the echo. The Queen and the Royal Party then returned to the Castle by the Long Walk.

The success which attended all the arrangements made for bringing the troops down to Windsor was no less marked during the return journey. Having had a few hours' breathing time, the railway companies were not only ready, but waiting, for their return freight, and before the last company of Volunteers had marched past the saluting point the first return train was on its way back. From that time train after train left the South-Western and Great Western stations at the shortest possible intervals, the usual block system of stationary signals being replaced by a mode of hand signalling with flags at short distances. The Volunteers seconded the efforts of the railway companies by their admirable discipline, the men showing the greatest alacrity in obeying the orders of their officers, even when prevented from obtaining a drink of water, and not the slightest sign of disorder or insubordination was apparent. Thus, by midnight Windsor had almost resumed its usual appearance, the last Volunteer train being despatched at a quarter past eleven, and a few minutes afterwards the last public special. Nor were the country Volunteers any less fortunate than their London colleagues. For instance, the Brighton Artillery reached home at 1 A.M., the East Kent men landed at Sittingbourne at 4 A.M., while the Oxford men were home by half-past ten on Saturday evening.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S GENERAL ORDER

THAT the Review was a complete success from a military as well as from a popular point of view, was made known by a general order issued by the Duke of Cambridge "at the Queen's command." In this Her Majesty expresses her entire satisfaction at the "soldierlike appearance and bearing of all ranks." The Duke also speaking of the concentration and dispersal of so large a body in so short a time, testifies that "the discipline and endurance of all ranks would do credit to troops employed on permanent service, and are worthy of the highest commendation." The Duke was also most "favourably impressed with the military bearing of the officers and men, both on and off parade," and expresses his thanks to Volunteers of all ranks for the "accurate and successful performance of their respective duties." Nor are the railway authorities forgotten, as the Duke thanks them for "their hearty co-operation and untiring exertions, without which so large a concentration of troops could not have been effected."

BURMESE AND SIAMESE COINS, SONEPORE RACES, MONUMENT TO THE PRINCE IMPERIAL, BADGER HUNTING IN DEVONSHIRE, AND FROM BERMUDA TO THE CAPE, See pp. 64 and 65.

NOTE.—The engraving "Pussy and I," published by us last week, was published by permission of Mr. Franz Hanfstaengl, of Munich, the proprietor of the photograph. It was in error described as the property of the Berlin Photographic Company.



ENGLAND AND THE TRANSVAAL.—The British Lion seems hardly willing to allow himself to be roused to take more than the feeblest interest in the Transvaal negotiations—even by way of protesting against them. On Monday afternoon the Marquis of Salisbury presided over a meeting convened by the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations, and influentially supported, to hear addresses from "delegates from the loyal inhabitants of the Transvaal, irrespective of nationality;" but the warmest friends of the Conservatives have to admit that the meeting was a very half-hearted affair. Lord Salisbury charged the present Government with having made England yield to her enemies, not after victory, but after open and repeated defeat. He recalled public attention to the fact that the Transvaal was occupied by only 40,000 white men, the native population numbering 700,000, by far the greater number of whom, white as well as black, saw England retire from the territory with great regret. He sympathised with the men who had, trusting to the protection of the English flag, invested their capital in land in the Transvaal, and who in some cases had risked their lives for England's honour. The meeting was addressed by two delegates, one of whom spoke in Dutch. Lord Dalhousie, speaking on the same subject at the opening of the Oldham Reform on Wednesday, energetically defended the action of the Government in the Transvaal.

IRELAND.—There have been a few more arrests under the Coercion Act, giving rise to the usual amount of protest from the Irish Press and platform. A large meeting was held on Monday at Newry, at which twenty branches of the Land League in Down and Armagh were represented. The Rev. H. Rylett, a Unitarian minister, who presided, asserted that the principles of the League were making rapid progress in Ulster. He described the aims of the League as being for the extinction of the landlord system and the gradual establishment of peasant proprietors rather than the inadequate adjustment of the relations between landlord and tenant, which was all the good he could find in the present Government's Land Bill. A priest on the same platform advised the people to "hold their own against the forces of Great Britain, simply by paying no attention to them."—A solicitor's clerk serving writs without an escort in the County Monaghan was so severely attacked this week, that he lies in the hospital in a critical state.—The police returns of evictions for the quarter show that 1,065 families, consisting of 5,262, were evicted; fifty families readmitted as tenants, and 542 families readmitted as care-takers; making a total of 473 families, numbering 2,112 persons, who were not reinstated.—Many meetings by Orangemen were held throughout Ulster on the 12th, but, with the exception of a few broken windows and some stone-throwing, all passed off quietly.

LEFROY.—The mystery of Lefroy's whereabouts was solved at the close of last week by his discovery in a lodging-house in Stepney, where he had secreted himself successfully for upwards of a week. It is highly probable that if he had possessed a little more money he would have eluded the vigilance of the police altogether, the suspicion as to his identity being apparently first aroused in his landlady's mind by a telegram which he forwarded to his cousin, asking him to forward funds. He engaged the bedroom in the lodging-house under the guise of a Liverpool engraver, and in the name of Clarke, and hardly left the house until arrested. Last Saturday he was removed from London to Lewes, amidst every symptom of public excitement and indignation. He remains at the Lewes Prison, where a magistrate held a private examination, and remanded him until yesterday (Friday). He seemed to experience relief on his arrest, and has spent most of his time in prison, reading. A pawnbroker in the Borough has identified him in prison as the man who, on the morning of Mr. Gold's murder, came to his shop and redeemed a pistol from pledge.

WIMBLEDON.—Despite the doubt thrown last year upon the integrity of the markers, the attendance of Volunteers at Wimbledon is up to the average. Shooting began briskly on Monday, the

Inter-University Long Range Match, shot for on that day at 800, 900, and 1,000 yards, being won by the Oxford team by 717 points against 628. Thirteen hundred men competed in the earlier stages for the Queen's Prize.

MR. BRADLAUGH AGAIN.—Mr. Bradlaugh has announced to his friends that he intends holding a monster meeting of his supporters in Trafalgar Square on August 2nd, and on the following day he means to present himself at the House of Commons, for the purpose of taking the oath as a duly-elected representative.

THE ELGIN BURGHS.—Two out of the three Liberal candidates for the Elgin Burghs having retired from the contest, Mr. Asher has been returned as Mr. Grant-Duff's successor, unopposed. Mr. MacLean, the Conservative candidate, retired also when he found there was to be no split in the Liberal vote.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW.—The Show opened at Derby on Tuesday, and has been fortunate this year in point of weather. Only the implement department was on view then, but there was a good attendance. The principal machine-makers are well represented; the exhibition of sheaf-binding apparatus being especially good. The Prince of Wales and the Crown Prince of Germany were expected to visit the Show yesterday (Friday).

MR. EDWIN LONG, A.R.A., has been elected a Royal Academician.



It is remarkable among the phenomena of Parliamentary warfare how frequently it happens that Monday sees a wonderful revival of a fight which, when the House last met, seemed to be dying out. This is most frequently noted in connection with Irish war policy. If the records of Parliament were searched during the last eight years, it would be found that Irish members, after a brief lull towards the end of the week, have invariably wakened up on the Monday and made up for any amplexation of lost time. Certainly this was observable on Monday last. Towards the end of last week the Committee seemed settling down steadily to its work. Three or four clauses were passed at a single sitting, and it was calculated, with every appearance of accuracy, that the Land Bill would be comfortably through Committee by Friday. But this was reckoning without the Irish hosts. On Monday they turned up with painful evidence of vitality, and made one of those organised attacks on the Irish Secretary, to the concoction of which there is too much reason to fear the peaceful Sabbath is from time to time devoted.

In accordance with familiar tactics, one of the least prominent and quietest of members was put forward to set the ball rolling. On the last occasion, when the Irish members broke out, Mr. T. D. Sullivan was put up to draw fire. On Monday it was Mr. Daly. In one sense Mr. Daly can scarcely be regarded as among the quieter members of the Irish party. Nature has gifted him with a voice of considerable power, which rumbles through the House in the course of an hour's speech like distant thunder. But the hon. gentleman is for days together content to limit his contributions to debate to cries of "Hear! Hear!" or "Order! Order!" It is very remarkable what sticklers the Irish members are for order when by rare exception it is not they who are disorderly. For example, on Monday night, when Mr. Parnell, following Mr. Daly, placed beyond doubt the suspicion in the mind of members that this motion for the adjournment was deliberately planned to interrupt the progress of the Land Bill, they gave vent to their feelings in deprecatory cries. Thereafter, not feeling interested in Mr. Parnell's speech, they began to indulge in private conversation. Then was heard the voice of Mr. Daly roaring "Order! Order!" with the immediate effect of disconcerting his leader, and breaking the flow of general conversation by a peal of laughter.

Mr. Daly's motion for the adjournment of the House was ostensibly based on dissatisfaction with the answer given by Mr. Forster on the subject of the incarceration of Mr. Murphy, a town councillor of Cork. That the feeling of dissatisfaction did not come upon Irish members with a rush was abundantly testified by the character of the speeches delivered. Member after member rose and talked as long as he could, the weaker brethren ingeniously producing notes, with which they refreshed themselves in the delivery of their "impromptu" and indignant speeches. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who, excited by his own violence, has now cast aside the last vestige of decency in debate, produced a file of newspapers, and on the motion for adjournment violently and coarsely attacked Mr. Forster. This was a game Mr. Healy thought two could play at, and he improved the occasion, endeavouring, but not successfully, to go beyond Mr. O'Connor in the kind of personal abuse which passes with some Irish members for argument.

On these occasions English and Scotch members judiciously abstain from playing the game of obstruction by taking part in the conversation. Formerly obstruction was much easier to the Irish members, because their astounding inaccuracies, their illogical arguments, and their coarse personality induced reply or rebuke. Now what happens is that the Government majority of the House remain silent with a patience that must pass the understanding of the stranger in the Gallery. No one says anything, and the interlude comes to an end when the Irish members, having been wound up, run down. But so unprecedented were the feats of Mr. Healy and Mr. O'Connor on Monday night that the Premier felt bound to say a few words, his brevity and force being imitated by Sir Stafford Northcote, who, on the part of the gentlemen amongst whom the Parnellites sit, deprecated the abuse of the privileges of the House just witnessed, and disclaimed, on the part of the Opposition, any sympathy with the attack on Mr. Forster.

This little performance, which would have been discredit to the Corporation of the City of Cork, a body not unfamed in the annals of lively altercation, occupied nearly two hours. When brought to a conclusion by heavy defeat in the division lobby, the consequences of the access of obstruction which animated the Irish members was plainly seen. The Committee had now reached the 25th Clause, which provides for the advance of State money to companies for the reclamation of waste land in Ireland. This proposal, justly regarded as among the most beneficent of the Bill, must have been expected to be acceptable to the Irish members as meaning grants of public money for the advancement of local prosperity. Had the Clause been in danger of failure, there is no doubt that the Irish members would have assumed a different attitude. But the overwhelming superiority of the Ministerial majority leaves them in a peculiarly happy condition. Mr. Gladstone has charged himself with the interest of the Irish tenant, and may be counted upon to see it safe-guarded. The Irish members are, therefore, in a condition of peculiar luxury. They are certain of getting all the good things contained in the Bill, whilst, at the same time, without imperilling the gift, they may indulge in all kinds of abuse of the giver. Therefore, whilst the Clause was steadily pressed forward by the weight of the Ministerial majority, the Irish members sitting below the gangway had a thorough good night of it, moving amendments, making speeches, abusing Mr. Forster, and taunting the Prime Minister. Lord Randolph Churchill, who has had opportunity for holiday this week, in view of the awakened liveliness of the Irish members, was not content to remain in the background throughout the whole of the evening. Towards eleven o'clock, his

favourite hour for manifesting qualities of high statesmanship and Parliamentary ability, he appeared on the scene, and thrust in his oar. But it was chiefly by the Irish members that the barge of obstruction was kept broadside against the stream, stopping the whole of the traffic. When progress was reported at one o'clock in the morning, Clause 25 was still under discussion.

This contention about the 25th Clause, it was well known to many persons, had ulterior objects. The Irish members objected to the 26th clause, and, *more Hibernico*, they obstructed the 25th. The 26th Clause contains what is known as the emigration scheme. It gives permission to the Board of Works to make advances to assist the emigration of poor Irish families to any of the British colonies. It might have been thought that this was a proposal that would specially recommend itself to the Irish members. Emigration is constantly going on from Ireland, and it would seem to the ordinary mind that nothing would be more acceptable to some of the poor people who scrape together their coppers to make up the amount of passage money than that the beneficent State should step in and advance them the money. But the minds of the gentlemen who, in the House of Commons, assume to represent Ireland are unfathomable. Mr. Biggar, for example, can see much further into a brick wall than the general acceptance of his measure of intelligence would warrant persons in believing. He discovered in this clause a deep design on the part of the British Government to depopulate Ireland. It was, in brief, a modern adaptation of that savage and high-handed Cromwellian policy which drove the Irish race from Ulster and peopled it with Scotchmen. Perhaps, if the Government adopted the arguments assigned to them by Mr. Biggar, they might point to the fact that Ulster is the most prosperous and orderly part of Ireland.

Wednesday was further given up to consideration of Clause 26; but absolutely no progress was made, the Irish members now undisguisedly embarking upon obstruction tactics.



THE TURF.—Little interesting and nothing actually exciting is to be expected on the Turf till Goodwood at the end of the month. There has been no lack of racing, however, during the week, and the weather has been most enjoyable for the holiday folk at Winchester, Liverpool, Great Yarmouth, and elsewhere. The first-named gathering is a favourite one with racing men of the upper classes, and fair sport is generally provided. On the opening day the talent were not very fortunate in their picks—Nottingham being beaten by Blueskin in the Welter Plate, Sunbright by Pompeia in the Hunters' Plate, and King Stephen by Pantaloon in the Trial Stakes, while the Stewards' Plate proved a veritable "turn up" for the fiddlers, as Dinna Forget, after fourteen previous unsuccessful essays this season, at last scored a winning bracket. It is often said on the Turf, "they all win in their turn;" but certainly Dinna Forget's was a long time in coming, and backers who, on certain principles, endeavour to get their money back on animals they have lost on, will not be likely to forget Dinna. On the second day Buxton, in the Hampshire Stakes, added another to his long list of victories, and Sunbright, by winning the Hurst Stakes, made up for the defeat of the previous day. At Liverpool the Cup, which is supposed to now rank as one of the great handicaps of the season, only produced nine runners. The attempt to get at the winner in three was a signal failure, not one of the first two in the betting getting even a place. The race fell to Mr. Pickersgill's Dominic, who has recently shown he could gallop a bit. His starting price was 5 to 1.

CRICKET.—There has been no big inter-county match since our last notes, the Kent v. Somerset game at Lansdowne Park, Bath, in which Kent won by nine wickets, hardly coming within that category. The Eton and Harrow Society-Picnic Match of course drew a large assembly to Lord's at the end of last week, but it was generally remarked that the ground was not so crowded as it has been on some previous occasions, and that the partisans of the two famous schools hardly exhibited the usual amount of enthusiasm. The recent hot weather may have had something to do with the latter phenomenon, as it had a strong tendency to subdue animal spirits even when rival Blues are contesting. As to the cricket displayed, it can hardly be said to have been up to public school standard all round, and during portions of the game the fielding on both sides was feeble. Harrow, which went first to the wicket, made the not very good total of 140, but Eton could not reach this by 76, scoring but 64, the only double figures being 22, made by Bainbridge, while on the Harrow side the highest score was Bolitho's 28, and Kemp's 27. In the second innings Harrow did better, totting up 202, of which Harrow's 94 was a substantial part. Eton, too, did better in the second hand, 166 being the result. Thus, Harrow was victorious by 112 runs, and the win makes the two schools equal, each having won 25 matches. Kemp, the Harrow captain, is the third brother who has held that coveted post, and probably no family can claim a similar honour in the annals of public school cricket.—The Gentlemen v. Players return match at Lord's did not show much change in the constitution of the two elevens which recently antagonised at the Oval; and again the amateurs were too much for the professionals, as has been the case now for what we may call a generation of cricketers. The cricket on both sides was first-rate in all departments, the bowling of the Players—especially of Bales—being remarkably true and difficult to play. No large scores were made on either side, Mr. W. G. Grace's 29 in his first innings, and Bales's 34 in his second, being the best. The game was won by the Gentlemen, with five wickets to fall.—The Kent County Eleven is about to lose a tower of strength in Lord Harris, who shortly leaves this country for a lengthened tour in the Eastern world.—By the time these notes are in the hands of our readers the great match North v. South will have commenced at the Oval for the benefit of Jupp. No professional has ever served a county better than Jupp has Surrey, and we would urge all lovers of the game to give this most deserving cricketer their support in this match.—The largest score at cricket ever recorded has just been made by Mr. W. N. Roe, of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, who is credited with 415 (not out) in a match between the Long Vacation Club of his college and that of Caius.

BICYCLING.—The Five Miles Amateur Bicycling Championship has been decided for this year under the auspices of the Bicycle Union at the Surbiton Recreation Grounds. There were fifteen entries, divided into three trial heats and a final, the latter of which was won by G. H. Hillier, of the Stanley Bicycle Club, by fifty yards, his time being 15 min. 39 sec.

ATHLETICS.—Our American visitors continue to show their superiority to our amateur "peds" on the cinder path. At Aston Lower Grounds, Birmingham, on the occasion of the Athletic Sports of the Moseley Harriers, in the Quarter-mile Scratch Race L. E. Myers easily settled his two opponents, winning by 15 yards in the extraordinary time of 49 seconds. This beats his own record both in London and America, and is the fastest time ever made. It is a matter of great scandal that the American walking champion, E. E. Merrill, was disgracefully interfered with in the One Mile Walking Handicap, when it was seen that he must win. The race was very

properly declared void; and we can only hope that Mr. Merrill will to some extent console himself with the knowledge that he had the sincere sympathy of all the respectable portion of the spectators out of the 10,000 persons present.

LAWN TENNIS.—After a series of competitions held at Wimbledon by the All England Croquet and Lawn Tennis Club, the Amateur Lawn Tennis Championship was decided on Wednesday last, the final game being between Mr. J. T. Hartley (holder) and Mr. W. Renshaw (Cheltenham L.T.C.), the winner of the gold prize in the final tie of the All-comers Handicap on the previous afternoon. It was generally understood that the first-named gentleman was indisposed, and, therefore, Mr. Renshaw's victory was not a matter of surprise. He ran out by six games to one, thus obtaining the match by three sets to love, the contest being the best of five.



THE performance of *Romeo and Juliet* at the IMPERIAL THEATRE proved, as might have been expected, more trying to the powers of the Oxford Agammemnon company than their efforts in representing the drama of *Sophocles*. To declaim with dignity what the "lofty, grave tragedians" taught in "Chorus and Iambic" is obviously a different thing from representing a play of Shakespeare, full of life and passion and movement. If, therefore, the young gentlemen who ventured on this bold step in the midst of the heats of July were a little wanting in the art of expressing passionate feeling, and a little apt to lose the pitch of the voice in moments of excitement, due allowance should be made; and to tell the truth, there was no lack of indulgence on the part of the distinguished audience of friends, relatives, and sympathisers who gathered in the stalls. Some recruits had joined for the occasion, with whom was Miss Rosa Kenney, who has played Juliet before on the stage of Drury Lane, and can hardly be accounted a novice. One feature at least in the performance is worthy of unqualified praise; that is the care which these amateurs had bestowed upon the scenic and other accessories. The dresses were understood to be copied in all cases from old Venetian portraits; and the scenes painted for the occasion by Mr. W. A. S. Benson, with the advice of Mr. J. O'Connor, were in like manner derived from the backgrounds of paintings by the old masters. Some excellent music was also furnished by the small orchestra under the direction of Mr. Alfred Gibson.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Monday evening Mr. Chippendale's company performed Goldsmith's comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*. Miss Harcastle was played most vivaciously by Miss Marie de Grey, an actress new to the London stage, but of whom we hope to see much more in the future. In the barnyard scene she was particularly good, blending the modesty of the young lady and the mischievous spirit of the girl without injury to the character, and without suggesting that suspicion of vulgarity which is apt to arise. Mr. C. W. Somerset as Young Marlow gave her good support; Mrs. Chippendale as Mrs. Harcastle played as well as ever. The Tony Lumpkin of Mr. Edward Righton is very amusing, but is more like a character out of a burlesque than one from a comedy.

At the ALHAMBRA a new spectacular piece has been produced, entitled *The Bronze Horse*. As might be gathered from its name the piece is founded on Auber's opera, many of the well-known airs being introduced. The plot is laid in Japan, as that country affords no lack of material for picturesque scenery and costumes. These were as tastefully and well-mounted as usual, while the singing and by-play were fully up to the standard which such pieces require. Mr. Harry Paulton was exceedingly humorous as the "Great Bambo," and Mr. L. Kelleher as the yokel Yanko, while Miss Fanny Leslie made a most charming Peki. The ballets, so great a feature at this house, were, of course, very gorgeous, but a little more grace and a little less muscular agility on the part of the *premières sœurs* would be an undoubted improvement.

In spite of the hot weather which has caused the closing of several of our London theatres, the Meinigen Court Company at DRURY LANE have been very prosperous. An indication of this is the extension of their stay to the 23rd inst., making eight, instead of six, weeks as originally intended.

MENTAL CONVALESCENTS.—Under the humane auspices of Dr. Andrew Clarke an influential meeting was recently held to consider whether any scheme could be devised for providing convalescent homes for patients discharged from lunatic asylums, with a certificate that their mental malady has been cured. The suggestion that found most favour was that, if sufficient publicity were given to the matter, there might be found a considerable number of persons willing to receive such patients as temporary guests in their private abodes; and Dr. Clarke pointed out that the proposed Association need not be a begging one, since the Lunacy Act enabled the Visiting Magistrates of lunatic asylums to defray the cost of pauper lunatics for such time after they leave the asylums as they think necessary. There can be no doubt that the idea is an excellent one; whether it is practicable is another matter. The admirable system adopted at all large asylums for the mentally afflicted, and the large percentage of speedy cures effected, has no doubt done much towards destroying the superstitious horror that but a few years since was generally entertained for "mad people." In the old Bedlam days, had any one suggested that discharged patients from that establishment might be restored to the busy world again by a few weeks' tranquillising in a quiet family, the proposer himself would have run some risk of being pronounced a fit subject for medical treatment. Even in these more enlightened days it is questionable if many persons will be found willing to receive into their family circle a stranger who but yesterday, as it were, had he committed the gravest offence known to the law, would have been acquitted on the ground that he was irresponsible for his actions. The asylum authorities would of course take care that only those whose mental health was quite restored should be placed out in the way indicated; but there still exists much popular prejudice as regards the surpassing cunning of mad-folk. They may outwit the doctor, it may be thought, and obtain their certificate of discharge on altogether false pretences. Or their cure may not be permanent. Convalescent homes may be found in plenty for those recovering from contagious disease, but the dread, on the score of infection from such a source, is not nearly so great as that the certificated lunatic patient might be visited with a relapse. Possibly, if the movement in question could but be set well afoot, much of this unnecessary nervous dread would disappear, and patients might be placed without difficulty; but it will be a work of time. One thing to guard against is that, in depriving insanity of the dread mystery with which in the minds of the ignorant it is shrouded, there is danger of inviting imposture. To the thinking of certain folk a prison is preferable to a workhouse, and there can be no question that a county asylum, such as Colney Hatch or Hanwell, is in all respects a paradise compared with either.

NURSERIES FOR YOUNG BLUE JACKETS.—The main difficulty with the habitual juvenile street prowler, ragged, dirty, unkempt, and impatient of control and subjection, is to induce him to settle down to the monotonous daily toil by means of which only such a

boy can hope to gain a livelihood. But this is sorely against the grain. A childhood of vagabondage has prepared him for a life involving activity and change, and for these he will make every sacrifice if he be not held tight with the reins of discipline. And yet the solution of the puzzle problem is simple enough. First catch your ragamuffin, and then make a sailor of him. Nine times in ten, as statistics prove, he has in him the stuff of which good mariners are made, and it would seem that there is nothing like sea air to cure him of the vices inseparable from London gutter life. There are at the present time in different parts of England sixteen floating nurseries for young blue-jackets, and perhaps the most successful are the *Arethusa* and the *Chichester* lying near Greenhithe, both being branch establishments of the Queen Street Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Children. It is sixteen years since the last-named vessel was the only one fitted out as a training ship, and since then, as appeared from the Report of the Secretary made at the last annual inspection of the boys, which took place a few days since, 3,000 lads have been received on board, and of this number 2,500 have been passed into Her Majesty's Navy or into the merchant service, where they are acquiring themselves creditably. The two training ships are supported entirely by the voluntary aid of the benevolent, and receive nothing in the shape of Government assistance. It is gratifying, however, to find that the charity in question, of which Lord Shaftesbury has been the supporter and patron since its commencement, is so firmly and favourably established in public confidence that year by year it is enabled to increase and extend its schemes of usefulness. And no one who was present on the occasion referred to, and saw the hundreds of smart and happy-looking lads, all so trim-built and sailor-like, assembled for drill, could have arrived at any other conclusion than that a spare pound or so could not be better bestowed.

CATTLE TROUGHS AND DRINKING FOUNTAINS.—The most economical application of public benevolence has probably been attained by the Metropolitan Drinking Fountains and Cattle Trough Association. That the arrangements for a supply of water, when they include elaborate monumental masonry, are costly there can be no doubt, and the massive granite receptacles out of which the horses drink—many of them as much as fifteen feet long, and cut out of the solid block—must seriously tax the resources of a charity whose income is but moderate. But when the necessary erections are completed, and the water laid on, the expense of maintenance is comparatively but trifling. At the last annual meeting of the Association (the sixteenth), it was stated that the number of drinking-fountains provided in the metropolis are now 462, with 459 troughs for cattle, and almost as many conveniences for dogs to slake their thirst. It further appeared that during the past twelve months—including, of course, the many months of winter when cold water is at a discount—more than half-a-million persons drank deeply of the cup that cheers but does not inebriate, and that two hundred thousand horses dipped their grateful noses into the cool granite trough between daylight and dark all the year round. The number of dogs owned and ownerless who thankfully lapped at the humble iron basin beneath the larger receptacle is not stated, but it may safely be set down at a fourth of the figures that represent the equine consumption. And the cost of the whole supply, together with the necessary expenditure for keeping the "plant" in repair, was no more than 15% per day. The weather just now is much too hot for even moderate exercise in mental arithmetic, or it might soon be ascertained what fraction of the smallest coin of the realm this desirable sum gives for each drinker, biped and quadruped. It must be infinitely small, however—say roughly a farthing's twentieth part. Bear this in mind, and pause just for a few minutes at a fountain and trough conveniently situated in any busy thoroughfare, and take note of the thirsty ones who are attracted thither. The children make a play-place of the splashy steps, and not a minute passes but some sweating toiler leaves the loaded truck he is hauling along to go and drain the iron cup with the clinking chain. Ponderous draught horses, with heavy waggons at their heels, pause here a delightful little while, as do fagged and panting cab horses, and, with necks outstretched and eyes half closed in ecstasy, they gulp and gulp as though intent on emptying the troughs. What is the value of a twentieth part of a whole farthing, if it comes to that, compared with the delicious relief a thirsty cab horse must experience?

MOURNING REFORM.—It is an encouraging sign of the times that during the last ten or twenty years a very noticeable change has taken place in the character of our funeral customs; expensive, imposing, and depressing displays of jet-black horses, carriages and hearse heavily decorated with nodding plumes of the same sombre hue, are rapidly becoming less and less frequent, whilst the lugubrious "mutes" who used in former times to keep watch and ward at the door where Death had passed in, for an hour or more before the procession started, have become almost as extinct as that other abomination of old-time funerals, the bearer of the tray of sable ostrich feathers. Other outward symbols of grief, the mere "fashions and suits of woe," are also falling into disuse gradually, but we hope not too surely; and it is every day becoming more and more common to see a man or woman who has recently been bereaved of a near and dear relative, exhibiting to the outer world no more remarkable token of sorrow and regret than a single armlet of black cloth or crape. It may not be generally known that many of those persons who belong almost exclusively to the upper and middle classes, whose means put them above all possible suspicion of anything like sordid motives, have banded themselves together as members of a Mourning Reform Association, in the hope of influencing by their combined precept and example the minds of the less well-to-do, amongst whom the practice of indulging in the most lavish and relatively extravagant demonstrations of mourning is still far too prevalent. Last week, at Hattlepool, a poor misguided widow spent her little all upon a costly funeral for her dead husband, no fewer than seven mourning coaches being engaged to follow the hearse, yet only two or three days afterwards she was so destitute as to be obliged to apply to the parish for relief. It is to be hoped that such an instance as this is both extreme and rare, but there can be little doubt that among the humbler classes there is a very general leaning towards inordinate expenditure on such occasions, both for funerals, grave-stones, and mourning attire. The sentiments of respect and affection which prompt them to act in this way are of too tenderly sacred a nature to be impeached; but, at the same time, it would be an immense benefit to the world at large if they could be induced to reflect that, however deep the outward symbol, it cannot be any certain guarantee of inward sincerity. All who see the need of such reform should join at once in the movement originated by the above Association, whose headquarters are at Fairfield, Malvern, and whose Secretary would furnish more information on the subject to any one who chooses to write.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,585 deaths were registered against 1,440 during the previous seven days, an increase of 145, being 171 below the average, and at the rate of 21½ per 1,000. There were 73 deaths from small-pox (an increase of 21, exceeding the average by 44), 70 from measles (an increase of 6), 41 from scarlet fever (an increase of 6), 8 from diphtheria (a decline of 10), 37 from whooping-cough (a decrease of 6), 2 from typhus fever, 10 from enteric (an increase of 2), and 135 from diarrhoea (an increase of 63). There were 2,405 births registered against 2,486 during the previous week, being 62 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 65°1, or 3°3 deg. above the average. The warmest day was Tuesday, when the thermometer marked 92°1 deg. in the shade.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN

PRINCE WALDEMAR OF DENMARK



DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE

CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY

PRINCE OF WALES

THE QUEEN

PRINCESS OF WALES

CROWN PRINCESS OF GERMANY (PRINCESS ROYAL)

PRINCE LEOPOLD

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW—THE SALUTING POINT



FRANCE.—French affairs in North Africa do not look very promising. Sfax is being vigorously bombarded, but no landing has as yet been effected, as the French troops on board the fleet were not considered to be sufficient, while the Bey's contingent could not be utilised, as it was feared that the Tunisian soldiers would join the insurgents. Indeed, according to one report, they have been encouraging the rebels by shouts from the vessel in which they are confined. The Arabs have replied to the bombardment by pillaging the European houses. The green flag has been hoisted, and the head of the insurgents, who is stated to be an old St. Cyr student, has declared that he will resist to the end. Reinforcements to the amount of three battalions of infantry and a battery of artillery have been sent to Sfax from Goletta, and on its arrival the French will probably make a definitive attempt to land. In the mean time the protracted resistance of the insurgents is producing a bad effect upon the neighbouring tribes, and, unless the French can speedily achieve some noteworthy success, it is certain that the insurrection will assume formidable proportions. Indeed, the inhabitants of Sfax have declared that, though they will remain quiet if left alone, they will not tolerate the landing of the French troops, whose appearance would produce a general rising, as at Sfax. The French are now fast finding out that the occupation of their new protectorate is turning out a very different thing to the "military parade" which was expected. Nor are matters in Algeria any better. Bou Amama is still on the alert, and on Saturday attacked a force under Colonel Swinney at Sfid, and though the onset ended in his defeat, it shows that he is ready and prompt to take advantage of any weak point in the French military position. He has displayed great judgment and skill throughout the campaign, has continually outwitted the French Generals, and is termed, with some reason, a second Abd-ul-Kader. Several other tribes have rallied to his standard, and he has circulated amongst his followers General Farre's declaration "that no one could catch him who had not wings," and has qualified this admission by declaring "You see by the confession of the chief of the French army I am an envoy of God, and perform miracles. I cannot be made prisoner, I am invincible." The French are sending reinforcements to Algeria, and General Saussier has left to re-assume the command, but the great heat and drought will preclude any military operations for some months. The French troops engaged are already suffering from fatigue and dysentery. Taking it all in all, there is a general uneasiness prevailing throughout the whole of the native populations of Northern Africa; and as the insurgents are aware that the recent high-handed policy of the French Government has found no sympathy amongst other European nations, there is some danger of the movement ending in a general conflagration. For instance, M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire has deeply offended Spain by not officially replying to her Note asking that the poor Spaniards who have lost everything in Algeria through the insurrection might be compensated, though he did not hesitate to inform the Chamber that any such claims would not be entertained.

The action of the Government, and of the military authorities in particular, both in Tunis and Algeria, has been freely criticised by the French Press, and is by no means unlikely to have a potent effect upon the elections. Probably if M. Gambetta had forecast the events of the past two months a little more correctly, he would have postponed his Napoleonic *coup d'état* in Tunis for a while. Apart from this question, all is quiet in Home political circles. In the Senate the Education and Press Bills have been the theme of discussion, the only noteworthy incident being an effort made by M. Jules Simon to obtain greater liberty for the Press; while in the Chamber a large number of Deputies, with an eye to the coming elections, have made a bid for popular favour by removing the cost which the abolition of elementary education fees will entail from the shoulders of the parish authorities to those of the State.

PARIS has been busy with the preparations for the annual National Fête, which took place as usual on Thursday, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. The chief feature in the programme was a review of the garrison of Paris at Longchamps, by General Farre, before M. Grévy and the Presidents of the Senate and the Chamber. Free performances were given at the theatres, and a Venetian fete was held in the Bois de Boulogne; while the streets were gay with bunting during the day, and ablaze with illuminations throughout the evening.—There is little social gossip. Musurus Bey has lost his case, his marriage with the daughter of the Comtesse de Vassynhac d'Imécourt being declared null and void.—Considerable interest has been centred in the trial, at Chalons-sur-Saone, of a wealthy landowner named Asselin, who killed M. Paul St. Victor in a duel. The prisoner was ably defended by Maître Lachaud; but, for once, a French jury pronounced a duellist guilty, though only of "manslaughter committed unintentionally," and M. Asselin was sentenced to four months' imprisonment and to a fine of 4,000*fr.*, to be paid to M. St. Victor's widow, who had brought the action.—M. Grévy has decorated M. Perrin, the manager of the Théâtre Française, and the well-known artists, MM. Deltaille and De Neuville.

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—The Court of Appeal has confirmed the sentence of the Court upon the condemned Pashas, but it is highly improbable that the executions will take place, as strong diplomatic pressure is being brought to bear upon the Sultan, more particularly with regard to Midhat Pasha. Meanwhile the Turkish Press are publishing various "confessions," which Mahmoud and Nouri Pashas are alleged to have made. Another tragedy is also causing much comment. A Turkish maid-servant took refuge with an English family from the cruelty of her master, but was ordered by the Courts to re-enter a Turkish harem. Objecting to this return to practical bondage, she committed suicide. Some fanatical journals, however, spread the report that she had been the victim of foul play. The Sultan has ordered an inquiry into the case.

IN BULGARIA, the Constituent Assembly was opened by Prince Alexander on Wednesday, at Sistova. As had been foreseen, the Prince had no difficulty whatever in obtaining his demands, for, as *The Times* correspondent remarks, all the dissentient element had been carefully excluded. The Prince read a short speech, in which he hoped that the Deputies "would sanction the proposed constitutional changes which had already been approved by the people." The Deputies showed a wonderful unanimity in complying with his request, and one and all signed papers which had been prepared, stating that the Prince's demands had been granted. The Prince then thanked his obedient Parliament, and adjourned the House. The feeling amongst the Liberals at all this parliamentary farce is exceedingly bitter, many having left the country. All the Ministers who were dismissed by the Prince have been re-elected.

The cession of territory to GREECE is gradually taking place. On Sunday a solemn religious service was held at Arta, when the Greek standard was hoisted amidst most enthusiastic cheers.

AUSTRIA.—The warfare between the Germans and the Czechs continues, and the authorities are trying to restore peace by confiscating the newspapers which contain reports of the various meetings. Thus on Monday Vienna was almost paperless, only one of the most important journals, the *Neue-Freie Presse*, being permitted to appear—its contemporaries having inserted a report of the meeting of a German association at Pukersdorf, where a resolution was passed against Czechish encroachments, and the attacks of the Czechs upon the Germans.

A grand banquet was given on Monday at Trieste to the officers of the British Squadron by the Stadtholder, in the name of the Emperor. It was held in the Imperial Castle of Miramar, and the first toast—that of her Majesty—was honoured by a salute of twenty-one guns, a compliment subsequently returned by the British flagship *Alexandra* when Vice-Admiral Seymour proposed the Emperor's health.

GERMANY.—The meeting between the Emperors William and Francis Joseph will take place at Salzburg, when the former returns from Gastein. It is also stated that the Austrian Premier, Baron von Haymerle, will pay a visit this summer to Prince Bismarck, at Kissingen.

The Empress is much better, and no further bulletins are now issued.

The Duke of Edinburgh and the British Reserve Squadron left Cronstadt on Saturday—the Czar and the Czarevna paying the Duke a farewell visit on board the *Heracles*—and arrived on Wednesday at Kiel. Great preparations had been made by the authorities to welcome the British Fleet, and the presence of the German Baltic Squadron has given an additional interest to the visit. The Emperor will review the German fleet at Kiel in September, after the manoeuvres of the Schleswig-Holstein corps.

Prince Bismarck, notwithstanding his orders that no letters should be sent to him at Kissingen, has been receiving and answering numerous congratulations of Conservative societies. These are regarded as electioneering manifestoes. The elections will take place between October 16th and 18th.

ITALY.—The body of the late Pope Pius IX. was removed on Tuesday at midnight from the Vatican to the Basilica of San Lorenzo, where a mausoleum has been erected in accordance with his last wishes. The procession, which merely consisted of the funeral car drawn by six horses, and followed by a few carriages containing members of the Chapter of St. Peter, traversed the city, and, although ostensibly private, naturally excited the greatest possible interest. When the cortege quitted St. Peter's some 2,000 people, with torches, formed a line behind. At the Bridge of St. Angelo, however, the procession was met by men singing popular songs, and in the Strada Papale some violence was shown, and on the Piazza di Termini the attitude of the crowd grew so threatening that the Riot Act was read. The crowd dispersed; only, however, to reassemble at the doors of San Lorenzo, where a disgraceful scene took place, and the Riot Act was read again. Finally the coffin was carried inside the church, the doors closed, and the final funeral rites of Pio Nono were performed.

The forthcoming loan is manifestly highly popular, and great gratitude is expressed to the English bankers, who are stated to have saved the Italians from the terms which the French would have imposed.

INDIA.—Ayoo Khan has at last shown signs of action. On June 25th he left Herat with his generals, Hashim and Muhamad Hassan, and a force numbering between 3,600 and 4,000 men. He will probably be joined by various Durani tribes on the way, but at present the Ameer's army is numerically superior, as the latter has about 4,000 regular troops at Candahar and on the Helmand, while he also possesses a considerable force of regular cavalry. The Quetta correspondent of *The Times* thinks that the Ameer at present has the best chance of success, and states that the battle may be expected to come off between the 15th inst. and the end of the month, according as the Ameer's general, Gholam Hyder, who has now been given the supreme military and civil command, elects to fight on the frontier or on the Helmand.

The number of natives who have been successful in the recent competitions for the Indian Medical Service—the last examination produced seven native to two European admissions—has attracted the attention of the Government. The Supreme Council is accordingly thinking of supplying the service by allotting a certain number of the nominations to the principal medical schools, instead of by the present system of open competition.

UNITED STATES.—President Garfield continues to get better, and the hopes of his recovery have now been materially strengthened. The hot weather caused a temporary rise of temperature, but a refrigerating apparatus has been erected, which acts most effectually in cooling the room. Milk and chicken broth still form the staple sustenance of the President. On Sunday, in churches of all denominations, there were services of prayer and thanksgiving, and universal sympathy is felt both for the President and Mrs. Garfield. Now that political assassination has been brought home to them, the Americans are discussing measures for the more effectual prevention and punishment of such crimes, and Senator Conkling has addressed a letter to the Attorney-General suggesting further legislation for the vigorous punishment of assaults aimed at high executive officers. As for the prisoner Guiteau, no definitive action will be taken with regard to him until the President is well out of danger. A national fund is being subscribed for Mrs. Garfield as a testimonial of respect and horror at the crime, and the amount has already reached 22,000*fr.*

The Senatorial contest at Albany continues unchanged.—A terrible heat wave has been passing over the States, and a large number of deaths from sunstroke have occurred.—The high-handed conduct of France in the Tripoli question is roundly condemned.—A Mr. Grismom has successfully accomplished a forty-five days' fast at Chicago. He broke his fast on the stage of the theatre with two quarts of milk, one quart of cream, toast, strawberries, whortleberries, boiled potatoes, biscuits, and coffee.



THE Review of Volunteers on Saturday in Windsor Great Park by Her Majesty is described in another column. On Sunday the Queen, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, the Grand Duke and the Princesses Victoria and Elizabeth of Hesse, and Prince Leopold attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where the Rev. Arthur Robins, M.A., Chaplain to the Queen, officiated. Next morning the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany left the Castle, and in the afternoon King Kalakaua, King of the Sandwich Islands, was presented to Her Majesty in the Green Drawing Room. The King returned to London in the evening. Princess Louise also left Windsor. The same evening Her Majesty gave a dinner-party, at which Mr. R. B. Morier, C.B., and Sir Daniel Lysons, K.C.B., were present. On Tuesday the Queen went out with Princess Beatrice, the Grand Duke and the Princesses of Hesse, and Prince Leopold. In the afternoon Prince Leopold and the Grand Duke and the Princesses of Hesse left for London. On Wednesday the boys of Christ's Hospital came to the Castle to exhibit their drawings and charts to her Majesty, who selected the drawings of W. G. Miall, A. E. Hook, E. N. Reed, and W. Y. F. Paul. On Thursday Her Majesty came up to town, and was present at a Garden Party given by the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House.

The Prince and the Princess of Wales were present at the Royal Review held on Saturday. On Monday the Prince and Princess returned to Marlborough House, and Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia called, and remained to lunch. In the afternoon the Prince and Princess went to a party

given by Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, in Holland Park, and in the evening the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany dined at Marlborough House, and accompanied the Prince and Princess of Wales to the Gaiety Theatre. An accident occurred in the afternoon to the Princesses Louise Victoria and Maud of Wales, while out driving. The horses ran away and the carriage was upset, but fortunately the Princesses received no injury. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess drove to the Clarence House, Roehampton, and distributed the prizes at the Royal School for Daughters of Officers of the Army. The Prince also presided at Marlborough House, at a meeting of Her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1881. The Grand Duke and the Princesses Victoria and Elizabeth of Hesse dined with the Earl and Countess Cadogan at Chelsea House, and remained to the ball. On Wednesday the Grand Duke of Hesse and his daughters left Marlborough House for Darmstadt, the Prince of Wales accompanying them to Victoria Station. The Prince and Princess and their daughters subsequently went to Lady Holland's garden party. The Prince also called on King Kalakaua, and in the evening, with the Princess, went to Earl Spencer's *conversazione* at the South Kensington Museum. On Thursday the Prince and Princess gave a garden party at Marlborough House. Yesterday (Friday) the Prince was to go to Derby for the Royal Agricultural Society's Show. Princes Albert Victor and George were present at a ball given in their honour, at Melbourne, by the Governor-General the Marquis of Normanby, on the 7th inst.

The Duke of Edinburgh will distribute the prizes to the boys of the *Cumberland* training ship next month.—Prince Leopold went to the Gaiety Theatre on Monday night.—The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany dined at the German Embassy on Monday, and remained to a concert given in aid of the Home for German Working Girls.—The Crown Prince and Princess, with their daughters, visited the Crystal Palace on Tuesday afternoon.—King Kalakaua of the Sandwich Islands dined with Sir Thomas and Lady Brassey at Windsor on Saturday, and afterwards witnessed the Royal Review, returning to London in the evening. On Sunday the King attended Divine Service at Westminster Abbey. On Monday evening the King went to the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and on Tuesday he spent several hours at the Crystal Palace, and after dinner went to the Royal Italian Opera. The King visited the Crown Prince and Princess on Wednesday, and went to the Garden party given on Thursday by the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House.—The Empress Eugénie is taking the waters at Baden, Switzerland.



CHURCH DEFENCE INSTITUTION.—If the attacks of the Liberation Society have no other effect on the Church of England, they at least rouse the zeal of the defenders of the Establishment. Some vigorous defensive speeches were delivered at the annual meeting of this institution, over which the Archbishop of Canterbury presided, and it was decided to carry the war into the enemy's country by appointing lecturers and others to meet the arguments of the Liberation propagandists at public meetings, or by such other mode as may seem most effective. The Archbishop made a most stirring speech on the occasion. He pointed out that a small, noisy, and energetic minority had it in their power to do much harm to a quiet, silent, and overwhelming majority, such as composed the National Church. The enemies of the Church band together, and have no link in common except their antagonism to the Establishment. His Grace said, "It altogether passed his understanding how the Dissenters of England could unite themselves with Atheists and with those who wished to destroy society for the destruction of the Church of England." The Earl of Carnarvon, the Bishop of Carlisle, Mr. E. Clarke, Q.C., M.P., and others took part in the proceedings. The receipts of the institution for the year showed a decrease of 300*fr.* as compared with last year.

A PRACTICAL BISHOP.—In the olden time Bishops did not hesitate, when occasion required, to lay down the pastoral crook and lift the sword. Adapting himself to the changed needs of the time, the Bishop of Moosonee has not hesitated to take off his coat and become, for behoof of his people, a practical printer. He gave an account of his efforts at a recent meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society. A vessel that was to have brought him materials for printing and binding the Bible was wrecked, only a part of the cargo being saved. The little manual on printing that was sent out was lost in the wreck. But the Bishop was not to be discouraged in his work by any such accident. After a fortnight's work he managed to produce a tract of sixteen pages, the Indians watching him while he worked with great curiosity. The printing experiment and the needful binding were achieved with complete success.

SCOTCH SABBATARIANISM.—The Established Church Presbytery of Paisley have been severely "exercised" by the running of an omnibus on Sundays between Kenfrew, Paisley, and Govan. The excuse was offered for one of the busses that it ran from Pollockshaws to Glasgow, to take people to Glasgow in time for morning service at the churches there. Naturally the ministers of Pollockshaws, who have no sympathy with the sheep that wander from the fold even to neighbouring folds, regard this excuse as "a weak invention of the enemy." The Presbytery have not in the meantime taken action, other than moral suasion, to stop the omnibuses, but content themselves with an expression of sympathy with the objectors, and the hope that the cause of offence may speedily be removed.

THE CLERICAL CONTEST IN SOUTHWARK.—It is always unfortunate when electioneering tactics are adopted, or are even suspected to have been employed, in ecclesiastical appointments. The Bishop of Rochester has refused to allow the Rev. W. Thomson, the successful candidate in the late contest for the chaplaincy of St. Saviour's, Southwark, to read himself in until the allegations of bribery and corruption have been cleared away. Four out of six of the wardens have resigned as a result of the manner in which the polling was carried out; while several meetings of the Vestry have been held to bring about a friendly understanding.

THE LATE DR. CUMMING.—Kindly reference was made to the death of Dr. Cumming by the Rev. Donald M'Leod last Sunday at the service in the Scotch Church, Crown Court. During his pastorate of that Church Dr. Cumming exercised a wide influence and enjoyed great popularity. He was born in Aberdeenshire in 1810; educated at King's College, Aberdeen, where he took his Master's degree in 1827; and in 1833 was ordained to the charge of the Scotch Church, Crown Court, from which he only retired last year. He was a voluminous writer and an ardent controversialist. Perhaps the best known of his writings (they exceed a hundred in number) are "Voices of the Night" and "Voices of the Day," "Daily Devotion" and "Daily Life." But his "Apocalyptic Sketches," and his volume entitled "Great Tribulation Coming on the Earth," dealing with prophetic descriptions of the coming of Christ and the end of the present Dispensation, obtained the widest circulation. His later works, "Redemption Draweth Nigh; or, the Great Preparation," and "The Destiny of Nations," predicting from prophecy great events for the year 1868, brought him no small

amount of ridicule as well as notoriety. With his death, however, has passed away a man of strong character, earnest nature, and deep, if mistaken, convictions.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY circulated 2,846,029 copies of the Scriptures for the year ending 31st of March. Since the foundation of the Society it has circulated over ninety million copies, and it has caused the Bible to be translated and printed into two hundred and forty languages.

PETER'S PENCE.—The Slav pilgrims took to Rome as Peter's pence three hundred and ten thousand francs.—Two French pilgrimages to Rome have been postponed in consequence of the irritated state of Italian feeling.

THE CHURCH OF IRELAND.—Earl Cairns presided on Wednesday at a meeting held in the Cannon Street Hotel, to consider the claims of the poor and distressed parishes of the Church of Ireland in the Southern and Western counties. Several English Members of Parliament took part in the proceedings. It seems that since the Land League began its operations in several of the dioceses, the landlords, who were the chief contributors to parochial assessments, have, through the non-payment of rents, been unable to continue their contributions, the church in many districts being much weakened thereby. An earnest appeal was made for help.

WELSH CONGREGATIONAL UNION.—Upwards of three hundred ministers and delegates attended the tenth annual session of this Union. A paper was read by the Rev. L. James on "Devotion in Public Worship," and an address was given by the Moderator on the theology of the sayings of Christ. At one of the meetings a resolution was unanimously passed, and forwarded to Mr. Gladstone, sympathising with the great amount of work before the Government, but urging that, inasmuch as the Sunday Closing Bill for Wales has been read the second time and passed through Committee with such a decisive majority, and the feelings of the great body of the Welsh nation is strongly in its favour, entreats that the Bill may be read a third time, and become law during the present session of Parliament. The next meeting of the Union will be held at Swansea.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The first performance for the season of *Robert le Diable* provided Madame Fursch-Madier, Mr. Gye's new dramatic soprano, with another opportunity of proving the versatility of her talent; but though her assumption exhibited some fine points, and was marked by genuine feeling throughout, it cannot be asserted that Meyerbeer's devoted "foster-sister"—beloved of "Jenny Lind," who chose Alice for her *début* (May 4th, 1847)—is a part calculated to exhibit Madame Madier's artistic pretensions to the highest advantage. While leaving no point open to hostile criticism, it never travelled beyond the limits of average excellence, and thus left anything but a vivid impression on the audience. The character, in fact, is out of her line. She was well supported by Madame Alwina Valleria, a Princess Isabella who can not only execute the florid passages of the cavatina in Act II. with ready fluency, but has at command all the sentiment required for Isabella's pathetic appeal to her lover, to which it is difficult to give any other than the original French title, "Robert, toi que j'aime!" which has given it world-wide popularity. In Signor (?) Mierzewski, too, from the Paris Grand Opera, she enjoys the co-operation of a tenor whose powerful chest voice declares him a legitimate member of the families of the Duprez, the Tamberliks, and the Monginis, and who obtained a general "encore" for the "Siciliana," while materially helping Mesdames Fursch-Madier and Valleria in winning another for the unaccompanied trio of the third act—the act, by the way, which earned for Madame Madier most distinction. M. Gresse may not be all that is demanded for a model Bertram, but he knows the music, and evidently understands the character. Signor Igenio Corsi is a somewhat flippant but otherwise by no means incompetent Rainbault. The spectacle was what we have been accustomed to at Covent Garden, and the scene of the Resuscitation of the Nuns, with Mlle. Rosina Valle as Elena, all that could be wished. Signor Bevuani conducted, and conducted well. The *Pré aux Clercs*, given for the first time this year (better late than never), was with its continual flow of melody, its bright orchestration, and, whatever the advocates of no-rhythmical-melody school may urge in its disparagement, clever and appropriate dramatic treatment—a real musical treat after much we have been hearing of late claiming to come from Olympus. Poor Hérold's "Song of the Swan" makes no pretence to come from any other source than that Pierian spring which has won for music the appellation of "the divine art;" and without accepting the *dictum* of a philosopher who argued that harmony was an artificial thing, which stood in the way of music's power of giving eloquent expression to the varied emotions of the human heart, we must insist that melody is the soul of music, and that if the melodic idea be absent, all the harmony conceivable will make little or nothing of it. The *Pré aux Clercs*, then, abounds with melody, and, though little short of half-a-century old, melody as fresh as though it had been written yesterday. As the opera was revived last season for Madame Albani, and as Planard's *libretto* has been more or less familiar among us since, under the name of *The Challenge*, it was brought out at Drury Lane Theatre, we need not discuss the merits of either plot or music. Enough that on Tuesday night the Covent Garden audience heard a very admirable performance, under the direction of M. Dupont, and that except in two instances, the leading characters were in the same hands as before. The first exception was in the part of Marguerite de Valois (the Marguerite of the *Huguenots*), last year entrusted to Mlle. Pasqua, now sustained most ably by Mlle. Elly Warnots from Brussels, one of the most recent acquisitions to Mr. Gye's company. Madame Albani's Isabelle has been universally, and it must be admitted justly, praised. Isabelle, in certain respects (though in a main point wholly differing) a sort of counterpart of Valentine in the *Huguenots*, could hardly be presented more ideally than by this gifted artist, who, besides singing the music in perfection, gives to the character an indefinable personal charm. One of the most genuine bits of *cantabile* melody is the romance in Act I, Madame Albani's delivering of which so touched her hearers that she had no alternative but to repeat the concluding stanza—the imploring appeal to Queen Marguerite. The famous soliloquy of Act 2, known in French as "Jours de Mon Enfant," is so frequently sung by Madame Albani in public that it will suffice to add that she has rarely sung it better, and we cannot but applaud her discretion in declining to accept the "encore" unanimously demanded for the second stanza, which exacts as complete a mastery of fluent vocalisation as the first of quiet expression. The violin *obbligato* to this air, admirably played by Mr. Carrodus, leader of the orchestra, enhanced its effect no little. The other exception to the cast of 1880 was the substitution of M. Soulafois in the part of Mergy, envoy of the King of Navarre and Isabelle's accepted lover, for M. Engel—a manifest improvement. A Nicette capable of singing the music better, or acting the part with more liveliness, than Mlle. Valleria it would be difficult to find. She gave her romance, "La candida Lisetta," with the true *terre* and point, sharing the honours of the "encore" with Mlle. Warnots in the delicious *terzetto* of the following scene,

built upon a melody the abiding popularity of which has rarely been surpassed. Signor Cotogni (Cantarelli) was a model Italian director of Court festivities; M. Gailhard, as Girod, mine host of the *Pré aux Clercs*, exhibited considerable humour; and Signor Corsi, as Comminge, pretender to the hand of Isabella, tried vainly to lift that swaggering personage from his characteristic insignificance. The performance on the whole, indeed, was well balanced, effective, and evidently enjoyed. A pity that it came so late. The third representation of *Il Demonio* was announced for yesterday evening; but that Herr Rubinstein's opera has achieved a complete *fiasco* is generally admitted; and let us confess that we are not at all surprised. The season (a fortnight shorter in duration than that of last year) terminates on Saturday with *Linda di Chamouni*. Meanwhile we are promised two "gala nights" (whatever the phrase may signify), a Patti night, with *L'Etoile du Nord*, and an Albani night, with *Faust e Margherita*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mr. Mapleson should erect a statue to Miss Minnie Hauk, in acknowledgement of her repeated performances, morning and evening, in Bizet's *Carmen*, which has been played oftener than any other opera during the season. How poor Bizet himself, whose masterpiece failed (comparatively at least) in his own country, would be astonished could he have lived to witness the popularity it now enjoys in every European city, Paris excepted, where it is still ignored by M. Carvalho, who seems now bent upon depriving the Opéra Comique of its well-earned celebrity as a truly national institution, by applying for license to give what is called "grand opera" (too often fatal misnomer) within its walls. The performances at reduced prices of admission began on Monday night, not with *Lohengrin* and Madame Christine Nilsson as had been announced, but with the unexpected second performance of a new opera, entitled *Il Rinnegato*, the music by Baron Bodog Orczy, which had been produced on the Saturday previous. That Baron Bodog Orczy is one of Wagner's most uncompromising disciples cannot be questioned; but on the other hand he does not boast a spark of Wagner's genius, and is immeasurably degrees away from Wagner's artistic talent. Wagner must surely at times reflect upon the irreparable harm he is doing. The tendency of his system encourages too many innocent persons to labour under the hallucination that it is very easy to follow in his steps, whereas it is very hard—luckily, some may say—to come near him at all. His faculty of "infinite *melos*" differs essentially from their absolute incapability of writing a tune of any kind whatever. The composer of *Il Rinnegato* is a sad instance in point. He shows none of the requisites that would enable him to emulate Wagner with any success, much less to compose operas like those of the absolute masters of the lyric drama. In fact *Il Rinnegato* shows incontestably that he has everything to learn, beginning from the merest abstract principles. How the singers committed his music to memory, and how the orchestra, after several rehearsals, could manage to play the accompaniments, is a puzzle to guess. The public, however, has pronounced an unmistakable verdict, and it would be superfluous to dwell upon the subject longer. Let us hope that the season at reduced prices may bring forward something interesting. On Thursday Boito's *Mefistofele* was to be given, with Madame Nilsson, Signors Campanini and Nannetti in the leading parts—a good commencement at any rate. Next week is to be the last of the regular operatic season.

A CONCERT in aid of the funds of the People's Entertainment Society will be given on Friday afternoon, July 22nd, at Grosvenor House, by the Viscount Folkestone, who will be assisted by Mrs. Osgood, Miss Robertson, Signors Paoli Tosti, and Papini, Messrs. Corney Grain, Arthur Cecil, G. Grossmith, Scott Gatty, and Randecker. We wish the undertaking the success which it deserves.

WAIFS.—The King of Sweden has bestowed upon Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt the medal, "Litteris et Artibus," with the ribbon of the Order of the Seraphim.—The property left by Vieuxtemps, the great Belgian violinist, whose death we recently announced, is estimated, according to the *Guide Musical*, at 3,000,000 francs; 300,000 would probably more nearly resemble the amount.—The "Variety" Theatre in St. Petersburg has been entirely destroyed by fire.—Mlle. Anna de Belocca has returned to Paris. Her stay among us during the Opera season was too brief, and the parts allotted to her at Her Majesty's Theatre too few for an artist always so acceptable.—A concert was given at the Royal Albert Hall, on Wednesday afternoon, in which all the leading artists of the Royal Italian Opera, including the three "stars," Patti, Sembrich, and Albani, took part. The programme was of that "miscellaneous" character which calls for no detailed description.—Madame Sophie Menter, by her last recital, the programme of which, besides one of Beethoven's finest sonatas, comprised pieces of varying degrees of interest from other composers, ancient and modern, proved herself what we took her to be from the first—the greatest pianist who has paid London a professional visit during the present summer season.



THE WILBERFORCE SLANDER CASE.—Juries occasionally stop a case while it is still proceeding; but, in England, it is rare indeed that the solicitor and counsel engaged on either side are so convinced of the hopelessness of their cause as to refuse to wait for a verdict. Such was the termination of an action brought by Miss Mabel Wilberforce against Captain Philp for slander, before Mr. Justice Field and a special jury, the course of which has been watched with great public interest on account of the extraordinary light thrown upon the plaintiff's history under cross-examination. She made the acquaintance of Dr. Philp (the father of defendant) in Paris, and was treated by him as an adopted daughter until some facts were made known to him by the Charity Organisation Society that led to a request on Dr. Philp's part that she should seek another home. The present action arose from the quarrel at the time of separation. In cross-examination the dates given by Miss Wilberforce were full of contradictions; many individuals having some knowledge of her previous history were confronted with her in Court, the majority of whom she denied having ever seen; and, worse than all, the gentleman who, according to her account, was her trustee, wrote from America to her own solicitors denying any knowledge of her. On the last fact being established, Mr. Murphy, Q.C., and Mr. Bray, with her solicitor, withdrew from the case, the judge commending them for so acting, and characterising much of the proceedings as "a most infamous fraud." When the jury found a verdict for the defendant, Miss Wilberforce remarked, "I have been treated very unfairly," and was promptly ordered out of the court by the judge. Later on the same day Miss Wilberforce appeared before Mr. Flowers at Bow Street, and made a pathetic and tearful appeal to him for protection; but Mr. Flowers could give her no help.

LORD HATHERLEY.—At the ripe age of seventy-nine Lord Hatherley, ex-Lord High Chancellor of England, passed away last Sunday morning. He was the second son of Alderman Sir Matthew Wood, for many years M.P. for the City of London, and was born in November, 1801. He was educated at Winchester, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1824, he was twenty-fourth on the list of Wranglers, and was elected a Fellow of his College. He was called to the Bar in 1827, and in 1845 was made

Queen's Counsel. Two years later he was returned as Liberal member for Oxford, and retained his seat until 1852, when he was elevated to the Bench. When Mr. Gladstone came into office in 1868 he was appointed Lord Chancellor, which office he resigned, because of ill-health and failing eyesight, in 1872, being succeeded by Lord Selborne. He never during his career acquired the reputation for brilliant advocacy that attached to Lord Westbury or Lord Cairns, but in all departments of his profession he was respected as a sound and accurate lawyer. During his later years he devoted himself to the interests of the poor in Westminster, to whom he was a good friend. Dean Stanley, in writing to offer a resting-place for him in the Abbey, which has been declined by the executors, says, "I feel as if a pillar of the Abbey had fallen." The Lord Chancellor and Lord Cairns made most touching allusions to the deceased Peer in the House of Lords on Monday evening.

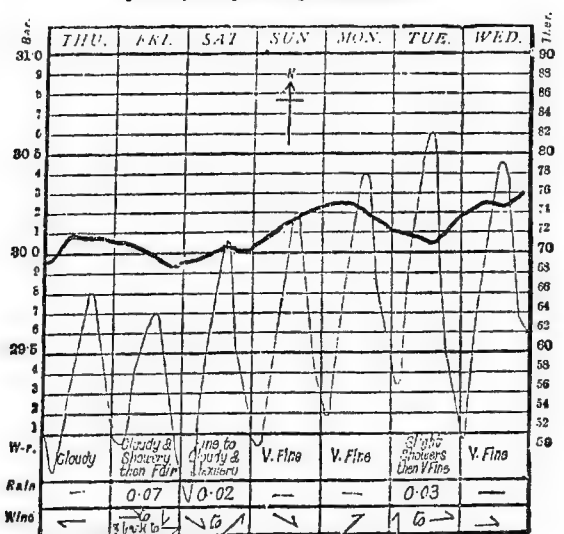
BANK ROBBERIES.—An old trick was successfully worked in Glasgow a few days ago, which may not improbably be again attempted before the thieves are detected. A merchant's clerk was leaving a bank in Glasgow with 900l. in notes in his possession. On examining his case outside the bank, he found only 20l., the rest having been stolen from him in the bank. About the same hour, in another bank, a youth cashed a cheque for 50l. As he was counting the gold and silver a man quietly lifted the notes from the desk and walked off. On being followed to the door by the astonished clerk, who said to him, "You have got my money," the thief replied, "No, no; your money is on the counter." The lad went back to the counter to get it; but it was not there, and when he looked in the direction of the door the thief had made off. Neither of the men has been captured.

POLICE SUPERVISION.—Not infrequently complaints are heard that convicts whose terms of incarceration have expired, but are still under police supervision, find it hard, if not almost impossible, to make a livelihood owing to the interference of the police. By some of the recent writers on prison-life the charge is denied. But some confirmation will be given to the belief by the case of Louis Wade, sentenced a day or two ago, at the Isle of Wight County Police Court, to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour for a breach of the Prevention of Crimes Act, 1871—that is, for having failed to report himself to the police while under their supervision. In January, 1875, he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and five years' police supervision for fraud in London. When he left gaol, in 1877, he went to the Isle of Wight to live with his parents, near Ryde, working as a gardener and fisherman, having been told (according to his story) by a South London police inspector, on his discharge from prison, that if he was returning to the country he need no longer report himself. Last week it came to the knowledge of the Isle of Wight authorities that he had failed to report himself for a long period, for which offence he was arrested, and received the severe punishment of a year's imprisonment. The sentence, says the local report, "caused a great sensation in the Court." In six months' time the police supervision would naturally have expired; but it appears that in the interval, since his discharge from prison in 1877, he has been giving the police some trouble.

A REMUNERATIVE TRADE.—Lord Coleridge sentenced the other day at the Westmoreland Assizes, to eighteen months' imprisonment, a man who combined the professions of valet and burglar. While acting in the latter capacity he was arrested for a burglary at the house of Colonel Heaves, of Kendal. On being arrested he gave information to the police that has led to the discovery of the thieves concerned in the burglaries at the residences of Hon. William Lowther, Sir John Holker, and others. He was one of a gang of a dozen men who, during the past eighteen months, have stolen silver plate of the estimated value of 36,000l., which has been melted down.

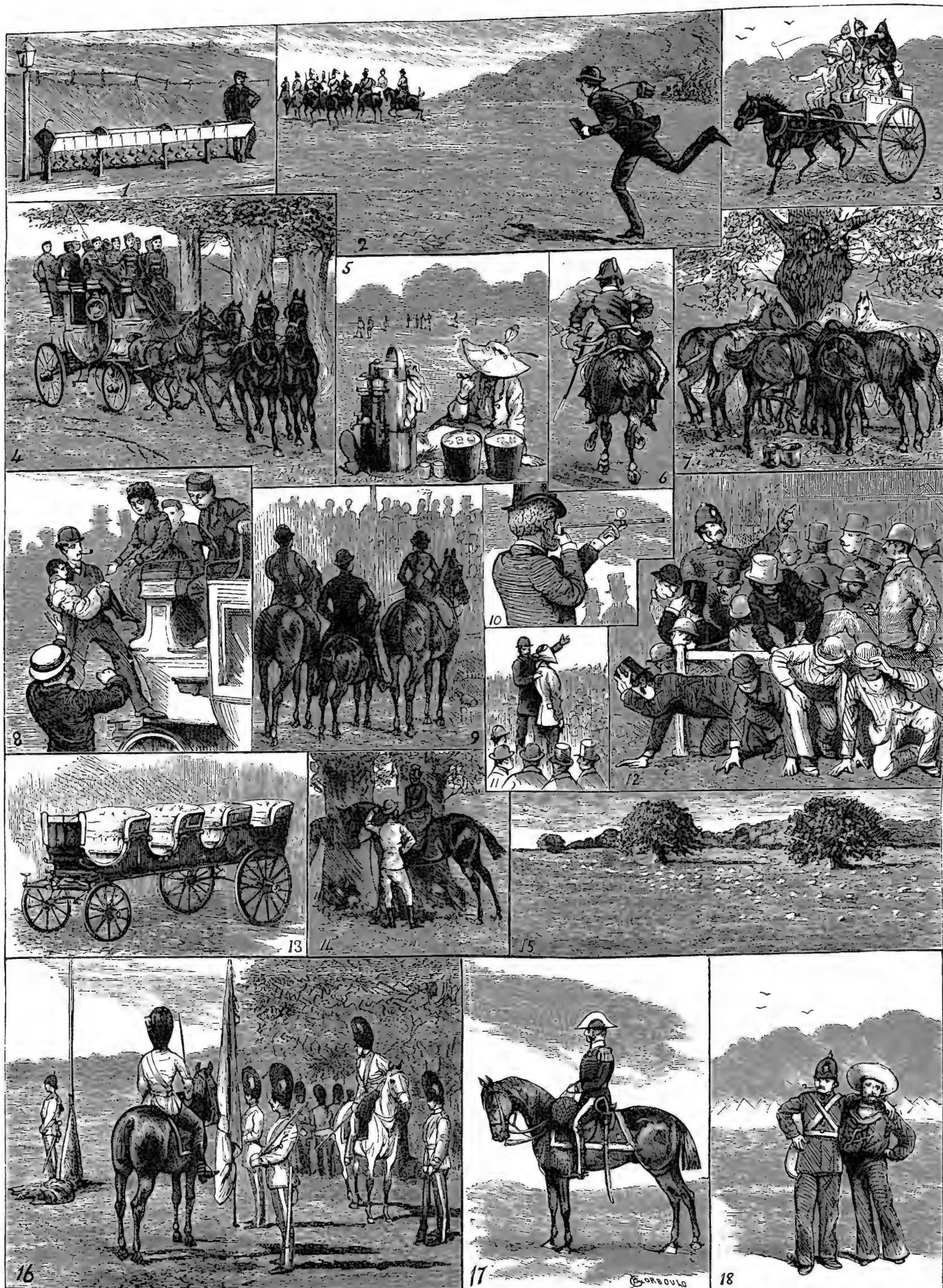
A NEW TICHBORNE CLAIMANT.—It would have been reasonable to suppose that a sentence of fourteen years' penal servitude would have acted as a deterrent against any new claim to the Tichborne estates. Telegrams, however, from America announced this week that a man who affects to be "the veritable Sir Roger," is about to cross the Atlantic to urge his claim to them. The new claimant is said to be confident he will have no difficulty in establishing his identity. He is a linguist; his children have been baptised in the name of Tichborne; he challenges cross-examination; he is supported in his view by an able American lawyer, who strongly advises him to commence litigation at once in the English Courts. Whether the new claimant succeeds in making a few converts or not he will have done some little service if, by urging his claim, he opens the eyes of the fanatics who still believe in the "nobleman now languishing at Dartmoor."

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK JULY 7 TO JULY 13 (INCLUSIVE).



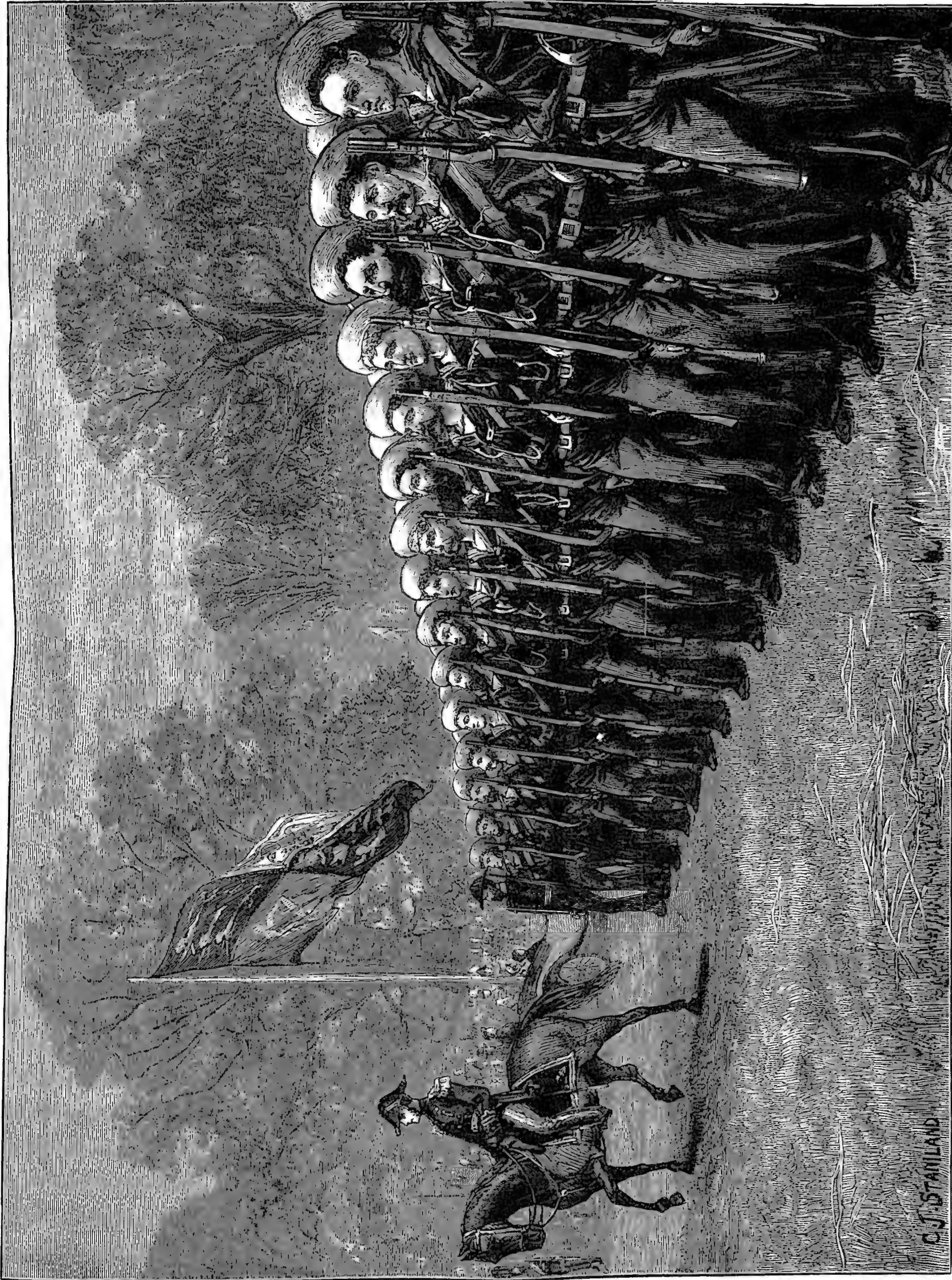
EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During the early part of the week the weather was cloudy showery, and comparatively cool, the maximum on Friday (8th inst.) being as much as 28° lower than that experienced on the previous Tuesday (6th inst.). After Saturday (9th inst.), however, the weather improved considerably, and as the sky cleared temperature once more rose, the maximum on Sunday (10th inst.) being 74°, on Monday (11th inst.) 78°, and on Tuesday (12th inst.) 82°. Wednesday (13th inst.) was rather more cloudy, and consequently a little cooler, the maximum being only 79°. The distribution of pressure has been pretty much the same throughout the entire week, the barometer being highest over France, and lowest to the westward and north of us. Depressions of some importance have passed over or to the westward of the Scotch coasts, while at the commencement of the week small subsidiary systems travelled across England, giving us the disturbed weather of the first few days. The winds have been light in force, and rather variable in direction, but generally from points between south-west and north-west. The barometer was highest (30.35 inches) on Wednesday (13th inst.); lowest (29.95 inches) on Friday (8th inst.); range, 0.40 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (82°) on Tuesday (12th inst.); lowest (49°) on Thursday (7th inst.); range, 33°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.12 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.07 inches, on Friday (8th inst.).



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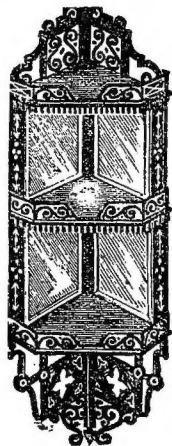
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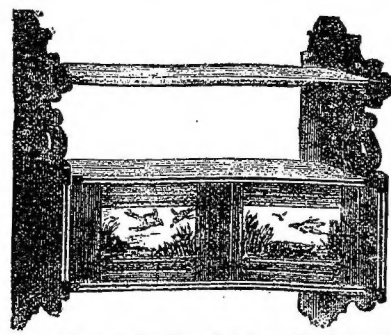
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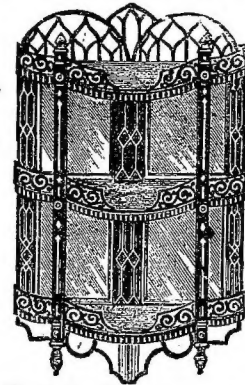
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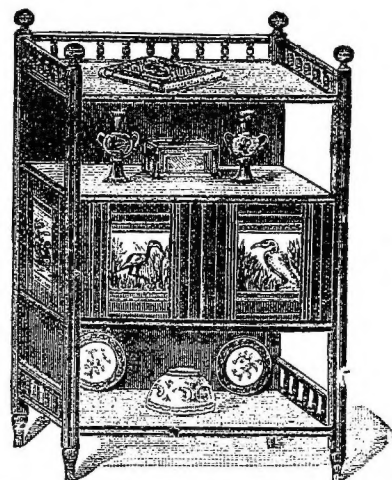
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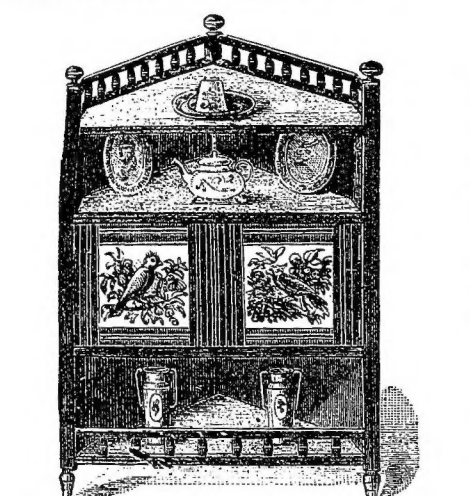


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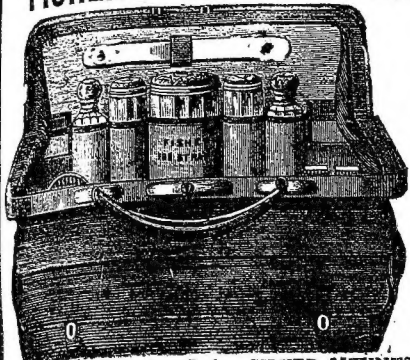
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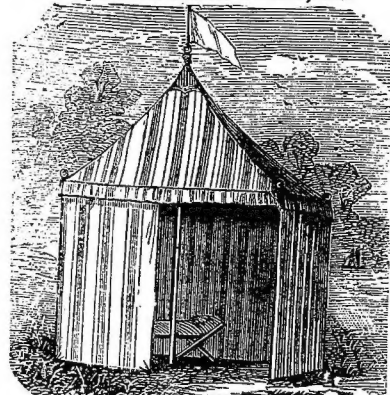
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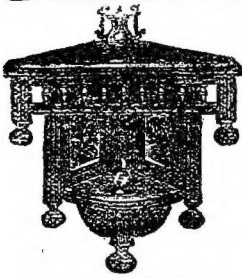
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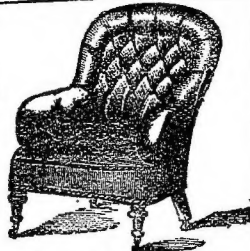
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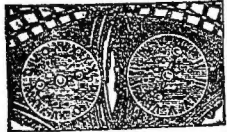
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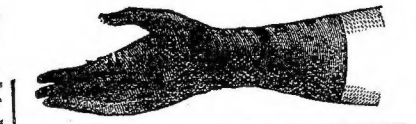


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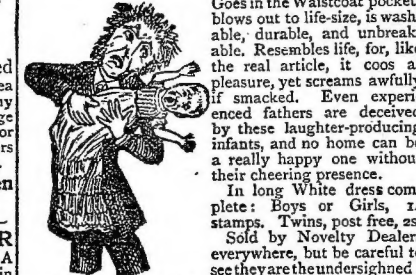
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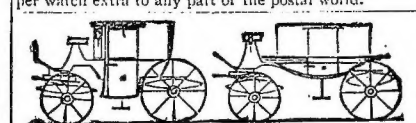
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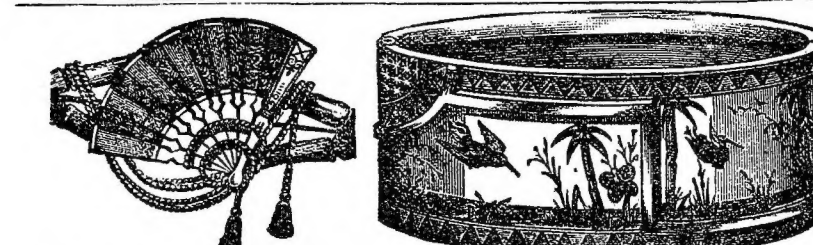
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